NATO Tries Positive Thinking

oc January 4, 1962 25¢

THE CREEPING CONSERVATISM OF T.V.A.

THE REPORTER

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The Making of a Magnet. Bell scientists test new superconducting magnet. It's the small cylindrical object being removed from helium bath at 450° F below zero.

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Published by The Reporter Magazine Company
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VOLUME 26, NO. 1 **JANUARY 4, 1962**

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Editorial and Business Offices:

660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

THE REPORTER, January 4, 1962, Volume 26, No. 1. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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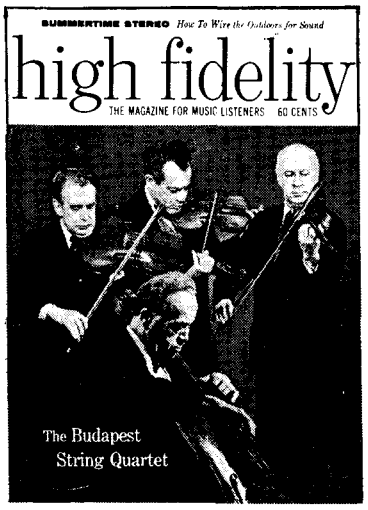
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A GREAT POWER like ours must of necessity follow a certain number of policies concurrently, but in a concerted and co-ordinated fashion. Some of these policies may be tentative and have some margin of variation with other policies. This is the way Britain has been working for a long time, and, particularly while it held the position that has now become ours, it did very well at the game. But at the same time it is obvious that there must be an order of priority among the policies a nation like ours is to follow. Is there one in our country? Maybe there is, but it is not clear. This is the problem **Max Ascoli** raises in his editorial, where he takes issue with what seems still to be the administration's policy of considering the United Nations the "center and the principal forum for our foreign relations." There is no better way, in Max Ascoli's opinion, to lose ourselves and the U.N.—a point he has already developed in a number of other editorials, particularly in "The Future of the U.N." (October 26, 1961).

The real center of our diplomacy should, we think, be the Atlantic Alliance. We have asked our Paris correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** to take a good cold look at it, taking advantage also of the several inter-allied meetings that took place in Paris in mid-December. Mr. Taylor's report cannot be called exhilarating. The conclusion is that the allied powers are far from following the decisive line of action the Russian threat demands. The fault can be distributed among a number of allied nations and we are glad to report that our own government has no monopoly—though certainly it has a good share. . . . The crucial problem remains, of course, that of Germany. Our Berlin correspondent, **George Bailey,** reports that it is not just the geography of Germany that is divided—there is also a bitter split in the minds and hearts of most Germans. . . . Following the usual Communist technique, Khrushchev put the squeeze on the Finns in order to intimidate not merely the Finns alone but also their Scandinavian neighbors. **Marvin Kalb** is with CBS News in Moscow. His wife, **Madeleine,** is also an expert on Soviet affairs.

FOR about fifteen years the Communist Party of Italy has been close to gaining power by ballot. We asked our staff writer **Claire Sterling** for an assessment of its present prospects. Mrs. Sterling writes that the comrades are divided into several factions and that the more highly placed among them seem to have been stunned by the demotion of Stalin. True, their permanent leader was closely associated with Stalin before his mummification and did a number of dirty jobs for him. But will the democratic parties of Italy really take advantage of the present distress in Communist ranks? . . . The democratic processes of Harry Flood Byrd's realm in Virginia provide **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, with a sequel to his "Melodies from Byrdland" (*The Reporter,* November 9, 1961). . . . **Barbara Carter**, a member of our editorial staff, examines the progress of Mayor Robert F. Wagner's "all-out war" on slum conditions in New York City's "worst block." . . . The Tennessee Valley Authority, which has never lacked for enemies, is now increasingly coming under attack from its friends, who allege that TVA has lapsed into a conservative respectability and is failing to perform the tasks of regional development for which it was created. **John Ed Pearce** is an associate editor and editorial writer for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* who has covered TVA affairs for twenty years.

Fred Grunfeld, an American free-lance writer now living in Mallorca, has written, quite purposefully, a dissertation on the vogue for accidental art. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is the author of *The Jazz Life* (Dial). . . . **George Steiner** now teaches at Churchill College, Cambridge. His latest book is *The Death of Tragedy* (Knopf). . . . **Edward Posniak** is an economist in Washington.

Our cover is by **John R. McDermott.**

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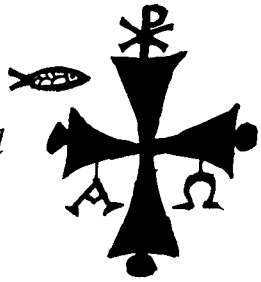
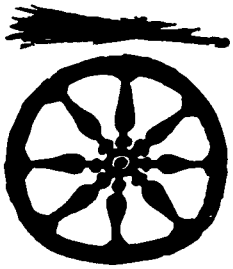
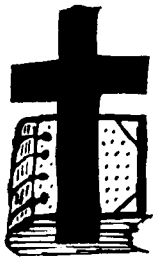
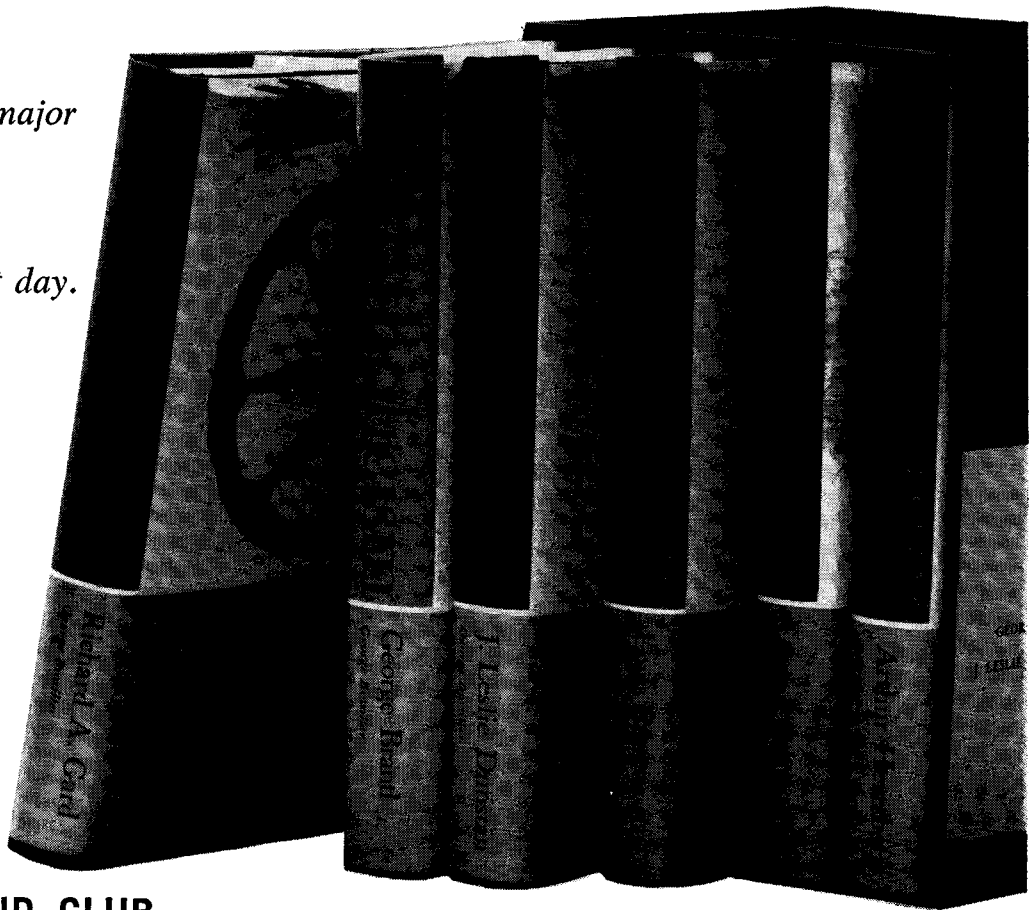
This exciting, new series combines *selections from the important scriptures and*  *theological writings of BUDDHISM, CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, HINDUISM, ISLAM, and*  *JUDAISM with penetrating historical, social,* *and cultural commentaries by authorities on each religion. Here, in six handsomely boxed volumes, is an indispensable reference shelf on* *the major religions of the present day.*





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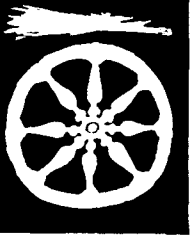

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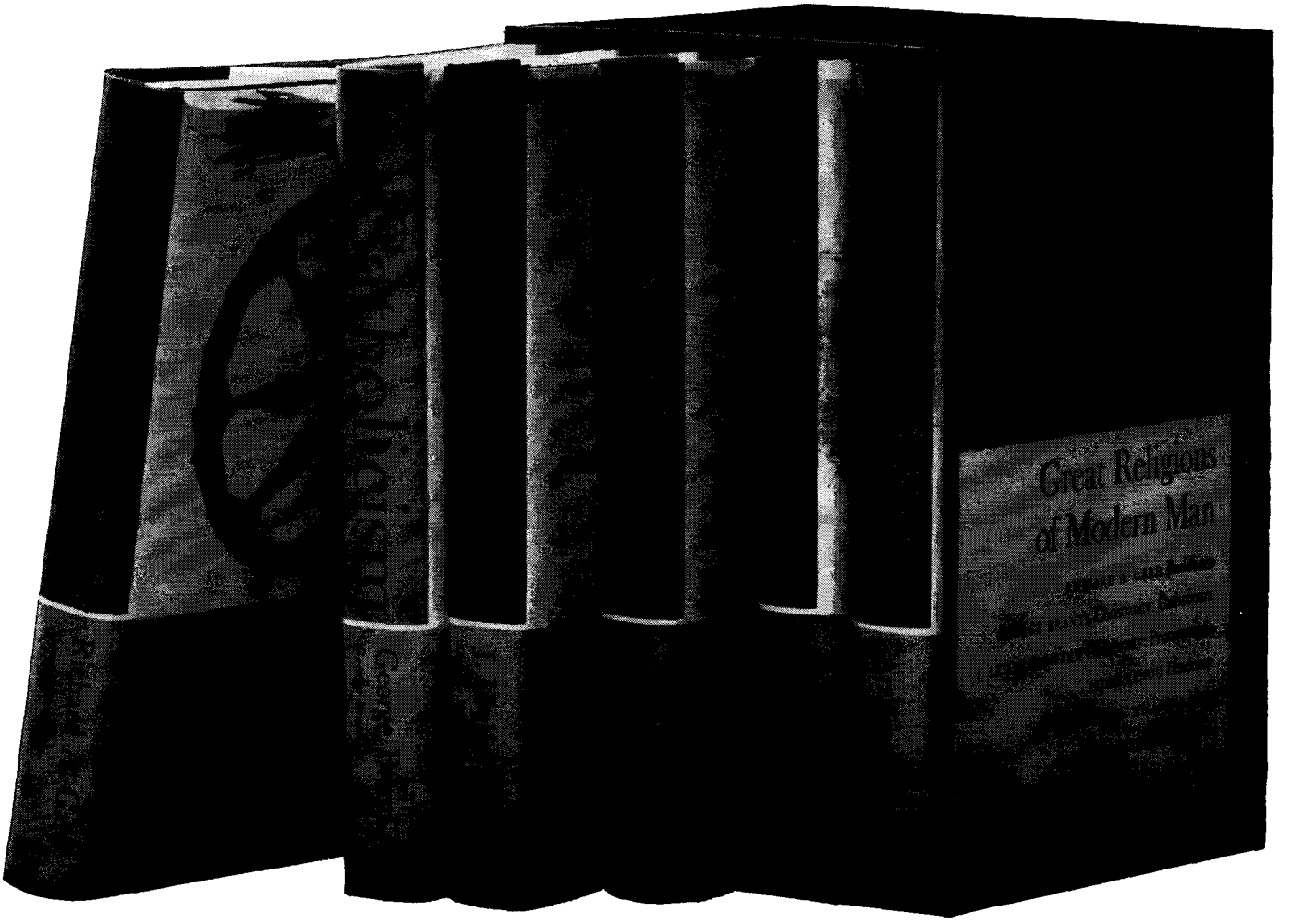

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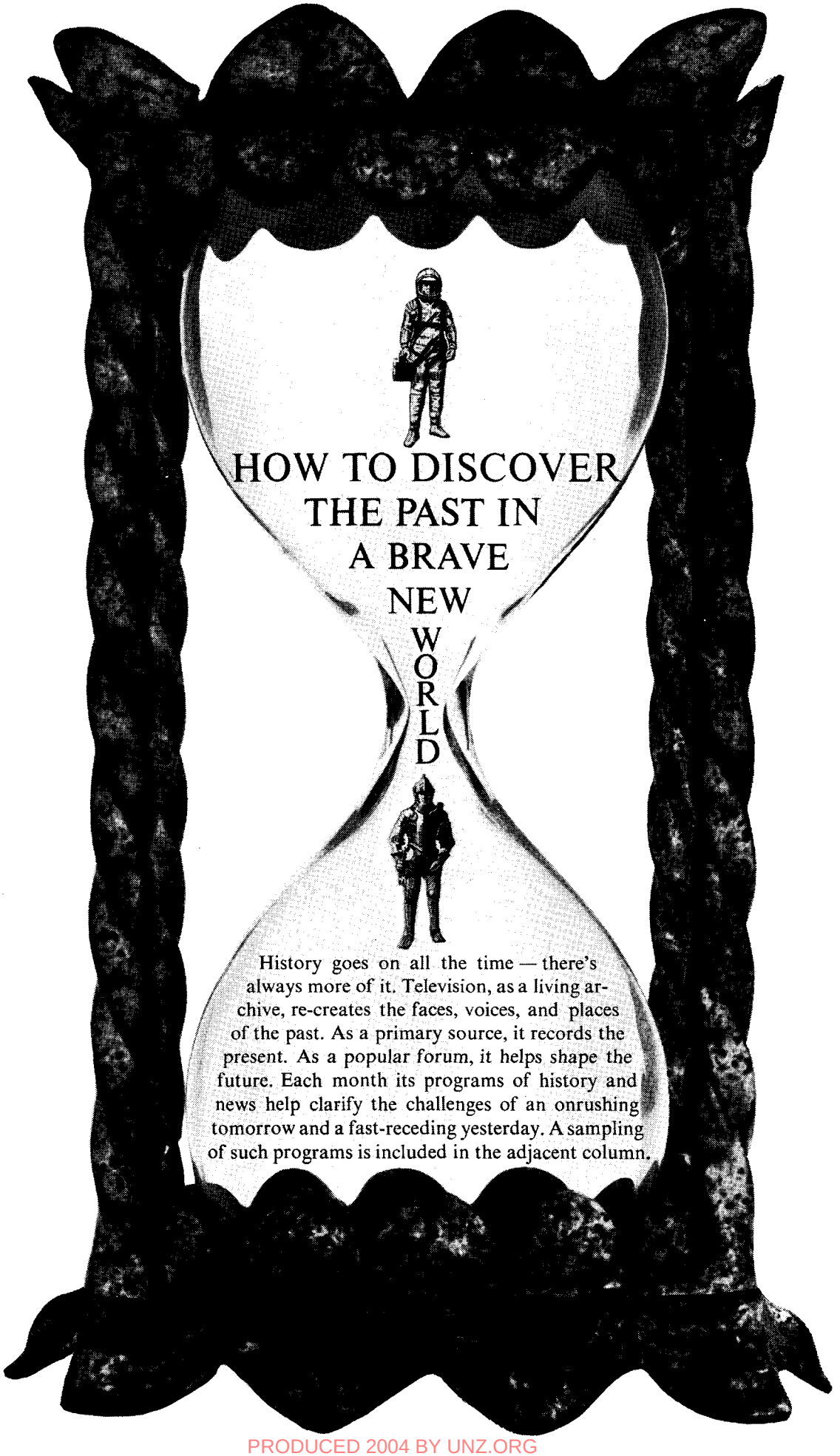

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Weavers of Death
Nazca, Ica, and Inca civilizations in Peru.
Monday, January 1 (7-7:30 PM)

The Cake Baker
Drama of flight from reality. Shelley Winters.
Tuesday, January 2 (10-10:30 PM)

Beyond the Threshold
Human and material costs of space projects.
Friday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)

Projection '62
Newsmen appraise the coming year.
Friday, January 5 (10-11 PM)

The Good Years: 1900-1914
Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball, Mort Sahl.
Friday, January 12 (8:30-10 PM)

John Brown's Body
Dramatized reading of the Benét classic.
Sunday, January 14 (1:30-2:30 PM)

Robert E. Lee
Biographical portrait of a soldier.
Monday, January 15 (8-8:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic.
Thursday, January 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Search
A Reginald Rose drama in *The Defenders*.
Saturday, January 20, (8:30-9:30 PM)

Our Man in Vienna
A report by David Brinkley.
Wednesday, January 24 (10-11 PM)

Don Giovanni
With Leontyne Price and Cesare Siepi.
Sunday, January 28 (2:30-5 PM)

Crisis at Suez: The 1956 Invasion
Sunday, January 28 (6-6:30 PM)

Journey to the Lost World
"Extinct" species found in South America.
Monday, January 29 (7-7:30 PM)

Close-Up!
The Christian ecumenical movement.
Tuesday, January 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM: Modern Algebra; American Government
	COLLEGE OF THE AIR: The New Biology
Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS
	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	UPDATE
	ACCENT
	ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE
	WASHINGTON CONVERSATION
	DIRECTIONS '62
	MEET THE PROFESSOR
	ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE
	ISSUES AND ANSWERS
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CORRESPONDENCE

NEW ECONOMIC POLICIES?

To the Editor: I have read Robert Lekachman's article "Mr. Kennedy's Economic Policies" (*The Reporter*, December 7, 1961) with great interest and benefit. As a member of the Joint Economic Committee, I especially appreciate being kept informed on this subject.

Mr. Lekachman's characterization of the current administration's economic policies does raise some interesting questions, as he points out, and I would very much like to know if members of the Administration respond to the points he raises.

WILLIAM PROXMIRE
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

LATIN AMERICA

To the Editor: A. A. Berle, Jr.'s, article "Our Role in Latin America" (*The Reporter*, November 23, 1961) is significant in its complete distortion of some of the facts concerning the Cuban revolution and the history of United States policy in Latin America.

Mr. Berle states that hemispheric action against Cuba is justified by treaty because its "internal revolution" was an "armed attack 'aided and abetted by an outside state [Russia].'"

However, it should be pointed out to Mr. Berle that in the 1950's it was not from the shores and airbases of Russia that the small boats and planes carrying men and munitions set out for Cuba, but from Florida. Also from the U.S.A. came dollars and considerable moral support via the press. It was also not until quite late in the revolution that the Communists gave any support to Castro—a point Mr. Berle himself makes. Lastly, it was not until the latter part of 1960, after the U.S. oil companies had refused to refine Soviet oil and cut off the remaining U.S. supply, and the Cuban sugar quota was cut, that Cuba began turning to Russia for economic support.

Regarding U.S. policy in Latin America, Mr. Berle condemns the Communists for their support in the past of dictators in Latin America. However, he neglects to mention similar U.S. support, monetary and military, of all the past dictators there, particularly of Odría and Jiménez in Peru and Venezuela, which helped them maintain their predatory régimes and earned a severe public rebuke for Vice-President Nixon in 1958.

BRIAN B. MCDERMOTT
New York

To the Editor: Regardless of one's analysis of the merits of Castro and present-day Cuba, it is completely false to label the original revolution simply an armed attack against a recognized government "aided and abetted by an outside state." If inter-American treaties are to be used to intervene in Latin America in such cases, then indeed it is not the Communists we need fear—it is the resurgence of American imperialism and the lack of democratic thinking among Americans.

The best way to keep Communism out of South America is to recognize that poverty and economic exploitation of the many by the few breed it; and that genuine assistance toward the creation of a self-sustained economy, with wide distribution of its benefits for all, stops it.

People, if given a choice, will take progress with free institutions. However, an impoverished citizenry, starving under right-wing non-democracy, frequently can't distinguish, as Americans so lovingly seem to, between right-wing and left-wing totalitarians.

ROSALIND M. ROSEMAN
Philadelphia

To the Editor: A. A. Berle, Jr., says that "Cuban documents brought to light in Ecuador, Peru, and Argentina make it abundantly clear that further preparations are being made" by the Castro régime to subvert other Latin-American governments.

However, the documents allegedly taken from the Cuban embassy in Buenos Aires by a defecting consular official, and published in an effort to show that Cuba was trying to subvert the Argentine government, were branded by Cuba as forgeries.

Cuba's foreign minister pointed out that the signatures, the numbering, and the way the documents were prepared showed clearly that they were fakes. He offered to open the files of his ministry to the Argentine government in order to prove the falsity of the documents.

Perhaps Mr. Berle will contend that Cuba's denial is worthless. But surely he knows that the Argentine government backed Cuba's denial and issued an official statement declaring that the documents were forgeries. Wasn't this good enough for Mr. Berle?

The case Mr. Berle attempted to make against Cuba would have been much less persuasive had he even hinted that the documents might not be genuine.

C. FRANK GLASS
Los Angeles

Mr. Berle replies:
My point was and is that defense against armed attack, especially from outside the Americas, is not and never was barred by the doctrine of "non-intervention." "Armed attack" can have the form of revolutionary coups armed and organized from abroad, and hiding behind the cloak of local revolution. Defense is then justified. President

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buy him his life

Tran Dien, Vietnamese, age 5. Father ill. Cannot work. Mother tea-picker. Losing sight. Unable choose good leaves from bad. Lost job. Five children in family. "Home" is thatch hut. Earthen floors. Dien has almost no clothes. No trousers. Shown in photo with borrowed pants for sake of dignity. No decent food. Nothing. Poverty extreme. Parents despairing for children. Help to Dien means help to entire family. Need acute.

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Franklin Roosevelt made this clear in a statement made as early as April 20, 1938. How that defense should be undertaken depends on circumstances; it may have to include force.

Those objecting to my characterization of Cuba have now been answered by Castro himself. On December 2, he boasted of having subverted and seized the revolution of the 26th of July to make it Communist, contrary to the will of the Cuban people. His speech of December 9 was addressed to subverting the governments of Venezuela, Colombia, and Panama. Before that, he called for civil war in Brazil at the time of President Quadros' resignation and fortunately was unable to get it. Earlier still, he organized guerrilla expeditions against three neighboring countries. Irrespective of the authenticity of the documents on Argentina, the fact of Castro's illicit activities there is incontrovertible.

Your correspondents, like myself, wish we lived in a world free from indirect aggression by external force and from cold-war attack openly directed against the United States, and in which defense by force or otherwise would be unnecessary. But that is not the present world, and we all know it.

The removal of those conditions of Latin-American poverty and distress which encourage external indirect aggression is, of course, essential. I have worked half my lifetime, in government and out, at this task. But economic reconstruction and social reform do not, by themselves, stop Skoda bullets or foreign-organized Communist guerrillas. Peoples do not have free choice under those conditions. Conquest, not reform, is the present purpose of our imperialist antagonists.

ART NIGHTMARE

To the Editor: With reference to Hilton Kramer's article "The Well-Lighted Nightmare," in the December 7, 1961, issue of *The Reporter*, we know of many times in the past when certain schools or styles of art were nearly unanimously supported by critics and museums. Looking back today, we see how misplaced this support was.

Now we again seem to be in a period of nearly unanimous support by critics and museums and private collectors of a particular aesthetic. The "avant-garde" has been quite universally established now for ten years and no longer deserves to call itself by that name. To quote from Mr. Kramer's speech in the Walker Art Center's critics' series last year, "Too many people are acting like advertising agencies handling the modern art account."

Mr. Kramer has often disagreed with prevailing opinion. I believe that his disagreement is in itself a valuable contribution. I think you performed a great service in publishing his review of the 1961 Carnegie International.

FORREST SELVIG, Assistant Director
Minneapolis Institute of Arts

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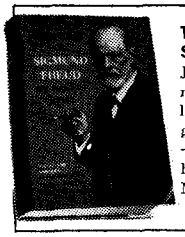

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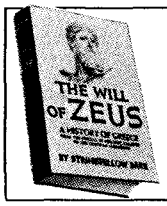

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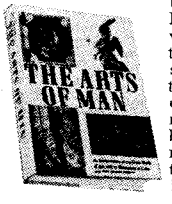

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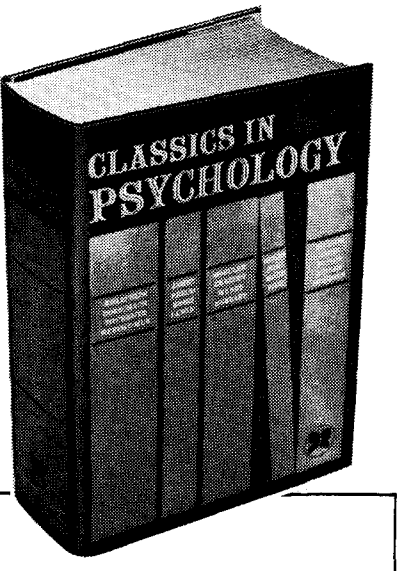

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'A Passive Spectator'

"We in India appear to have a split personality," Mr. Nehru once peevishly scolded the Indian Parliament. "We speak unctiously about non-violence, about our culture and civilization, while in our daily behavior we are coming down to a level which is not a civilized level at all."

The words, some may feel, could have been taken as the text for India's recent activities in Goa. Never has an act of military aggression been preceded by more apostrophes to non-violence. "There is nothing I can argue," Nehru said a few years back, "with any person who thinks that the methods employed in regard to Goa must be other than peaceful, because we rule out non-peaceful methods completely. Once we accept the position that we can use the army for the solution of our problems, we cannot deny the same right to other countries."

The lesson that Indian leaders do not always practice what they preach has been hard to learn. So many people have nourished the hope that there was at least one place in the world where politicians were high-minded and pure. Or maybe we were all thinking of Gandhi.

This is as good time as any for honest reappraisal. Mr. Krishna Menon claims that taking such action as India took against colonialism is not aggression. His reasoning could provide a timely excuse for Pakistan to launch an invasion of Kashmir, the predominantly Muslim territory that India took over in 1947 and continues to run pretty much as a police state. (It has been estimated that there is one Indian soldier in Kashmir to eight adult Kashmiri.) Despite repeated promises from Nehru and others, the dwellers in this mountain region have never been permitted to vote on whether they wished to continue this form of Indian colonialism.

It might be interesting if, along with its discussions on Angola, the United Nations should take a look at Kashmir. At the time Britain withdrew from the Indian subcontinent, the independence leader of Kashmir was Sheikh Abdullah—known as "the Lion of Kashmir"—who was an old friend of Nehru's. Though a Muslim, Abdullah had a great ambition to make his region part of the great commonwealth to the south. Released from a British prison, he worked mightily as his state's first prime minister to achieve this purpose. Only the Sheikh prevented Kashmir from becoming part of Pakistan, which offered superior trade routes as well as a common religious heritage.

But in 1953, Nehru and others began to have doubts about Abdullah's devotion to India. Without warning, he was arrested and charged with treasonable activities. Since then, for nearly nine years, except for a brief respite in 1958, he has been kept under arrest outside Kashmir. Though accused of being a traitor, he was not formally charged for nearly five years. The pre-trial hearings continue to this day.

A member of *The Reporter's* staff happened to be traveling in Kashmir in the early part of 1958 during Abdullah's brief release. During a long interview—under Indian police surveillance, the deposed prime minister produced his voluminous correspondence with Nehru. The two Asian leaders engaged in long, philosophic discussions about their many problems. But not once did Nehru suggest that Abdullah was guilty of anything resembling treason.

The most interesting letter of all was from Nehru, marked "Secret and Personal" and addressed to Abdullah nearly two years after his incarceration. Recounting the nature of his grievances, Nehru concluded: "I am not saying all this with a view to bring any charges against you or to condemn or justify. We, who are in charge of heavy responsibilities, have to deal with all kinds of forces at work and often they take their own shape." According to Nehru, Abdullah had declined his invitation to come to Delhi a short time before the arrest. "This made me feel completely helpless," Nehru wrote his old friend, "and I became a passive spectator of the march of events."

Postattack

Not so long ago, Mao Tse-tung was accused of being the only statesman who believed that the world—or at least all of it he cares about—could contemplate nuclear war with any hope of civilization surviving. But nowadays a growing number of Americans also seem to be confident that, with the planning, we could pull through—and even keep solvent.

It is undoubtedly prudent for government, business, and the population at large to lay plans to "make disaster tolerable," as *Fortune* puts it in a recent article on "How the Economy Can Survive Nuclear Attack." But *U.S. News & World Report* goes further, and seems positively in search of a silver lining.

"Extra cash has been stockpiled in locations all around the country," the magazine assures us. "Business and individuals would not lose funds deposited in destroyed banks. All that would be needed would be proof of a deposit—a bank statement or a savings passbook. With either of these a person could go to the nearest undamaged bank and write a check that would be honored."

True, it might be quite a walk to the nearest undamaged bank, but as long as we can write checks can a revivified Diners' Club be far behind?

We are advised, however, against "Piling up jewels to use in barter after attack." Neither is there any "sense in converting to cash and burying it." Jewels "earn no interest return," it is explained, and the gov-

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ernment, although it "plans to compensate stockholders in destroyed firms," will not accept claims for cash that gets blown up.

Those who take the advice of *U.S. News* will preserve for the future bank statements, mortgages, stock certificates, and insurance policies. These may prove to be the latter-day papyri, palimpsests, and parchments to represent our times. Posterity will thus have a record of our deeds—even if the property is gone.

What *is* the best postattack portfolio? After a look at "the lesson of history" in postwar Japan, Germany, and England, *U.S. News* concluded that in Germany, for instance, "Debtors, in general, have fared better than creditors." The best thing to do may be to borrow to the hilt and wait for the big moratorium.

What Price Government?

"In government, as in anything else," said New York City's reformed Mayor Robert F. Wagner not long ago, "you—and this means the public—get what you pay for." The mayor made this statement in justification of salary increases he had just approved for himself, the City Councilmen, and the members of the Board of Estimate. The public may well rejoice in the knowledge that henceforth it will be getting ten thousand dollars a year's worth of higher quality from the mayor himself, whose salary will be adjusted from forty to fifty thousand dollars, and an equal increase in dedication on the part of the five borough presidents, who will now draw thirty-five thousand dollars annually.

The total of these pay hikes—$155,000—may seem like a lot of money, but who are we, after all, to say that Abe Stark of Brooklyn, who currently earns only as much as Secretary of State Dean Rusk, cannot with a little hard work turn out to be $10,000 more valuable?

Heaven knows, the difficulties of governing New York City are formidable. Last year, for example, the same gentlemen on the Board of Estimate faced a dreadful squall when, for lack of funds, they attempted to cut the number of remedial-reading teachers who were being sought to help solve the city's school problems from five hundred to fifty. While it could be argued that this year's salary increases would have provided for, say half as many more remedial-reading teachers than the board then felt it could afford, the public would do well to remember that while this is a reform administration, no one ever said you could reform everything at once; it's a matter of putting first things first.

A Gold Filling

We are indebted to a reader in Chicago who has forwarded to us what purports to be a mimeographed letter from a dentist in Texas. We find the document particularly heartening as evidence that even some of those right-wingers who look for American Communists under their beds every night may have mellowed a bit in this benign holiday season. Our reader informs us that the address stencil on the letter is the same used by a magazine to which he subscribes—a small publication devoted to the special interests of sports-car enthusiasts. Now although people who drive those little cars often wear berets and even beards, the dentist hails our friend in Chicago companionably as "Dear Fellow American."

The communication continues: "We feel that General Walker stood up for us and against the Communists when and where we needed him. We are going to stand up for him when and where he needs us. . . . . NOW and with our action, we feel that it is up to We the People to NOT let him fade away like We the People did for General MacArthur."

The Texas dentist goes on to aver that "We the people want to put General Walker on our payroll" so that he can "be free to continue fighting our battle for us without his actions being limited due to financial considerations." And then, about halfway down the page, there is this memorable sentence: "If every person who feels our country is worth saving would send $1.00 every month, General Walker could have an adequate staff and he could do the type of job the American people want him to do."

Now we estimate that in order to stoke and tend the "fire in We the People that will burn the Godless Communists from our country and the world," the general and a skeleton staff would surely require at least something on the order of ten or fifteen thousand bucks a month. At a dollar a head, that must mean the dentist is willing to concede that there are ten or fifteen thousand of his fellow citizens who feel our country is worth saving.

Such touching faith in We the People is rare indeed these days, and we are grateful to the eloquent dentist for brightening our hopes for the New Year.

GUESS WHO

Far away where the cobras hiss
And millions bathe in the River,
There lives a demon with darkened face
And eyes to make you shiver.

His nose is bold as a bird of prey,
His hair like an eagle's feather,
And whether he speaks in ire or guile,
He conjures evil weather.

Armed with chicanery and cane
And the mitre of minister,
His demon smile and his demon frown
Signal the sinister.

Children of innocence, beware—
He lurks in council and corridor,
And however horrid you may have been,
This goblin's sure to be horrider!

—SEC

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To Stop This Madness

THE NEWS that keeps pouring in on us from all over inflicts a hard beating on our mental and sometimes on our digestive apparatus. We have to absorb the shock of the spasmodic progress of European and western unification, and at the same time we have to reconcile ourselves to the latest turn of events in U.N. affairs. There, the evangelic principle that the last shall be first seems to have acquired an improbable realization. The meek and neutral powers—and the meeker and more neutral the better—are the most entitled to provide leaders for the world organization, with the full approval of our government, which is surpassed by no other in its enthusiastic addiction to micromania. In his brief, triumphant trip to two Latin-American countries, President Kennedy exalted in Caracas "the achievement of social and economic justice under democracy," and rightly praised President Rómulo Betancourt for "demonstrating the capacity of free men to realize their aspirations without sacrificing liberty or dignity." That same day, Secretary Rusk, in Madrid, warmly praised Spain as an ally of the United States and cited the continuing importance of what he termed the "triangle" relationship between the United States, Spain, and the eighteen Spanish-speaking nations of Latin America whose culture and religion are of Spanish origin. The mother country of Latin America was thereby guaranteed the Alianza unmarred by Progreso.

And then, of course, there has been India's use of force to conquer the Portuguese enclaves, accompanied by threats on the part of other nations to use force for purposes, to be sure, of "liberation." The theories of limited war are being borne out by some nations that use their limited means of warfare against other nations whose means are even more limited, while the two major powers are stalemated by the horrendous destructiveness of their nuclear weapons. The nations that are not blessed, or cursed, by the possession of these weapons can, if the pattern established by India is to be followed, take some liberties with their solemn U.N. pledge to abstain from the threat or use of force. India, however, through its defense minister, has already forcibly stated it: the spirit of the Charter has not been violated. And how can anyone question India's suzerainty over anything spiritual?

It is really a very queer world, where even normally reasonable men sometimes act with astonishing foolishness. Take, for instance, the adoption of Tshombe as "a friend of the free world" by some conservative or ultra-right-wing politicians, and the prompt challenge by reflex reactions from some of our well-intentioned liberals. "The explicit role of the United Nations in the Congo," a communiqué of the A.D.A. said, "is to help the legally-constituted, internationally-recognized moderate government of Prime Minister Adoula to prevent the very chaos that is precisely the hope of the Communists in the Congo." In the armed forces of that benign government are still the unpunished soldiers who in Kivu Province made some money by selling the flesh of thirteen butchered Italian airmen, while a detachment of U.N. Malayan troops looked on in impotence and shame.

NO WONDER political declamatory thinking can go so far astray. Things are happening of such an unfathomable, or inhuman nature that the mind scarcely knows how they can be grasped or classified. Moreover, these things happen day in and day out and they are actually all done by men. Therefore the effort must be made to get somehow beneath the surface, to search out the main causes for so many appalling incongruities. No matter whether the fault is within us or with what we see, we cannot let ourselves be swept into folly.

Let's start with the U.N. Who hasn't sometimes said or felt that the U.N. is our best hope for peace? Yet it is enough to look at the U.N. as it is now to realize that it cannot possibly be considered anything of the kind. The virtual stalemate between East and West, plus the blessing and assistance given by the Soviet Union to movements of "national liberation" and "popular uprisings," has made the U.N. a motley assemblage of unleashed and occasionally war-minded nationalisms. Wars of national liberation and popular uprising are the Wars Nos. III and IV listed by Khrushchev on January 6, 1961, as admissible and legitimate. (The liberations and uprisings are of course those Khrushchev unreservedly approves of, as the Hungarians and the Tibetans can testify.)

Yet in the very idea of the U.N., in the place it holds

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in the hearts of men, in the trust the frailest and most tentative of its members put in it, there is a strength that neither the recklessness of international Communism nor the blundering of the West can dissipate. The League of Nations could go out of existence; but it is utterly inconceivable to have a world without a U.N. Somehow, irrespective of the appalling weaknesses of its resources and of the intrigues festering in its structure, the U.N. has become the symbol of all hopes for the survival of the human race. The age-old yearning for a universal, peaceful order has found its latest expression in this touching notion of an empire that has an ever-increasing number of members, with everybody an emperor. It stands to reason that the only empire existing in our world today, and very much on the make, is the U.N.'s mortal enemy.

Even without this enmity, the United Nations, whose very conception is wholly western, should be a major responsibility of the West. The many new member nations, which until a short time ago were colonies of the West, can become truly independent members if they freely maintain their closeness with the West, and particularly with their western mother countries. The West can discharge its responsibilities by using the U.N.'s already well-established specialized agencies for economic, technological, and educational assistance. It can work through the U.N. to bring relief to the suffering of human beings, no matter whether located this side or the other of the Iron Curtain. It can stimulate and energize all the U.N. activities that are the expression of humaneness and goodness.

The West must also know what it must avoid doing at the U.N., or through the U.N. First of all, it must *not* subcontract to the U.N. the formulation and the execution of national or interallied policies. It must *not* use the U.N. for the insulation of turbulent areas, or, even worse, turbulent continents. We should know by now that when the West does this it leaves the areas to be insulated at the mercy of small nations, with the major ones intervening indirectly, vicariously, and irresponsibly. In such situations, as we know only too well, the western powers are apt to intervene separately and antagonistically. When this happens a premium is put on available marginal proxies—sometimes on untried nations or overambitious individuals.

There is no better way of reducing the U.N. to an unmanageable state than to follow indiscriminately the principle of "back the U.N." The U.N. is too delicate and precious a thing to be treated that way. It is like a mirror, and as of now a crudely distorting mirror, of the messy world we are in. Our country has too frequently used that mirror for narcissistic exhibitions of its virtue.

Probably the U.N. had to intervene in the Congo, but the trial to which it was subjected there will leave a mark on it for a long time to come. The cost of that still uncertain venture—in terms of nearly superhuman effort on the part of some dedicated individuals, of subanimal brutality on the part of others—has been crushing. The conclusion must be categorical: no more Congos. The blue helmets should be put in storage.

Again and again the major and perhaps the entire responsibility lies with the West. The paramount goal of western policy, checking and curbing Communism, can be reached only by the strength and cohesiveness of the West—not in the U.N. or, even less, by the U.N. The U.N. can register our worth, and this alone is enough to make it priceless to us. But it is on itself that the West must rely, on its capacity to foresee the Communist moves, repulse them, and take its own initiatives. The pattern is only too obvious: Berlin, or Finland, or Vietnam, and maybe Iran, and so forth. It is as if the boundaries between East and West were marked by one Rubicon after another. For quite a while, Khrushchev has avoided crossing the river. He just keeps wading at the edge, shifting from one Rubicon to another, and that's enough. Our apprehension does the rest, and his certainty that wherever he chooses to wade there are people on our bank ready to yell that they will not die to stop him from crossing at that particular spot.

IF WE ARE to put an end to these follies, we must bring some order into this western world of ours and into our minds. The news that has come from the Paris conferences cannot be called exactly brilliant. The unity of the West is far from being completed, or even advanced with adequate purposefulness. Claims of great achievements, hymns to the new world aborning, may delay rather than accelerate the radical transformation of the West. But the basic elements of this transformation are on the way, and woe to those of the western leaders who misread the signs. Already they should know that bitter quarrels among them have acquired the familiar tone of domestic political controversies. There is not much of a serious Congressional opposition in our country, based on different and conflicting political conceptions, if for no other reason than that the leadership of the loyal opposition has been assumed by Charles de Gaulle.

With the constant advance of the Common Market and with the probable but by no means certain synchronization of our country with its policies, the time has already come when politicians in Western Europe have no longer much to say, one way or another, about tariffs. When agricultural surpluses are brought under control by supranational organizations, then politicians of the western countries will no longer compete over the price of hogs. Domestic politics all over the West, our nation included, are shrinking to a municipal level.

The western community and *not* the U.N. must be the center and the principal forum of our national policy. There is nothing better we can do to save ourselves—and the United Nations.

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NATO Tries 'Positive Thinking'

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"ON THE SURFACE the waters are ruffled and confused," James Reston reported from Washington in the New York *Times,* shortly before the recent session of the North Atlantic Council here, "but deep and powerful tides are running toward the interdependence of the free nations . . . the minds of the western leaders, which have been bent on stopping bad things for years, are now beginning to concentrate on doing good things. . . ." Other commentators and editorial writers have been talking about "a political union which is being forged into a new great power in the world" or the "new political and cultural entity" which is being "born out of the confused events of our time," and so on and on.

While the surface ripples mentioned by Mr. Reston have been somewhat more evident on this side of the Atlantic than on the other, the deeper undercurrent has also been apparent for some time in and around NATO headquarters. This new trend is characterized by a shift of emphasis from such negative activities as merely resisting Communist aggression to the positive and constructive tasks of community building. There is a tendency to speak in hushed tones of "the great new power" that is developing around the European Economic Community, or Common Market ("The Soviets are more frightened of the emerging European superpower than they are of NATO," one American student of Atlantic problems explained to me). There has been a heightened interest in aid to the undeveloped countries, and talk of the priority of economic over military or political-warfare programs for strengthening the western position in the face of Communist-bloc threats. Some enthusiasts of the Atlantic "economist" sect even maintain—to the consternation of more orthodox western diplomats—that the twenty-nation Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), rather than NATO, should be looked upon as the chief instrument of the West's collective will to victory in the conflict with the Soviet Union, though such talk is, of course, taboo in OECD itself, which includes neutral Sweden and Switzerland.

THE CURRENT STRESS IN NATO on positive thinking is not entirely verbal. Britain's decision in principle to join the Common Market, President Kennedy's call for a trade partnership between the United States and the developing European community, and the joint pledge that Under Secretary of State George Ball recently obtained from the members of OECD to raise their combined gross national product fifty per cent by 1970, are undoubtedly significant landmarks in Atlantic history. Thanks mainly to the impulse from Washington since the Kennedy administration came in, Article 2 of the North Atlantic Treaty, which calls for closer co-operation among the Atlantic powers, notably in the economic field, is at long last being taken seriously by NATO. This is exactly the medicine that the most enlightened international healers have been prescribing for the alliance these many years. Up to now, however, the patient has been reluctant to take the treatment.

Veteran correspondents of all nationalities who covered the recent meeting of the North Atlantic Council, normally the most solemn occasion of the NATO year, agreed that it was the most depressing in the history of the organization. The unprecedented public airing of the sharp disagreements among delegates over the proposed NATO nuclear deterrent, over the U.N. action in Katanga, and especially over the Berlin question was ominous enough. But it was not the most disquieting feature of the session. The Berlin row may even have done some good, since it enabled the French to block the hazardous and undignified offer to negotiate on Khrushchev's terms that quite a few of the powers favored. But as the diplomatic correspondent of the London *Observer* noted, the whole gathering took place in an atmosphere of general frustration. "This year," the *Observer* said, "even the platitudes were hard to agree upon." The confusion and disunity, moreover, were not confined to the NATO council room. They were only slightly less evident in the informal consultations among the Big Three or the Big Four of the alliance. They were by no means entirely absent from the subsequent meeting of European foreign ministers here, which adjourned until January without ratifying the new French plan for endowing the European Economic Community with some rudimentary political structures as well.

Judging by talks I had both with members of several national delegations to the December ministerial

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meeting of the North Atlantic Council and with official or private experts who follow NATO problems on a more permanent basis, there are a number of different reasons why the constructivist approach has so far failed to pump new vitality and unity into the Atlantic Alliance. The key one, perhaps, is the suspicion of certain European—and even of some American—officials that the new emphasis on NATO's "positive" tasks, and the related tendency to talk about them in terms of a broad, ill-defined Atlantic community which includes neutrals, is serving as a camouflage for the organization's less than brilliant fulfillment of its primary mission to promote the security of its members.

This attitude was illustrated by the pithy comment of a European specialist in NATO affairs whose attention I had called to the recent optimistic declaration of Special Assistant to the President McGeorge Bundy that the British decision to enter the Common Market might be "a more powerful reason for remembering 1961 than any of the immediate crises which now seem to mark this year."

"Let's hope, rather, it doesn't go down in history as the Year of the Berlin Wall," my friend retorted.

On December 12, at the same moment that the four western foreign ministers were meeting behind closed doors in an attempt to reknit allied unity over the Berlin question, Premier Michel Debré delivered a vehement and biting speech in a public session of the French senate—after the text had been amended and approved by President de Gaulle. This speech was more than the familiar if outrageous expression of prickly French nationalism that many U.S. press reports made it out to be. Debré's complaints about "lack of understanding" on the part of France's allies, and his criticism of U.S. policy toward Nasser—who is still keeping four French diplomats in jail—and the Congo problem naturally caught the headlines. But the key passage, which most of the dispatches from Paris omitted or truncated, reflected mainly de Gaulle's lack of confidence in the firmness of our Berlin policy, and his fears that the supranationalism of the western community builders may serve as a cloak for appeasement. In this passage, where the influence of de Gaulle's highly personal style seems evident, Debré attacked the concept of a European or western superpower, in which France would be absorbed because it would "dilute our will to defend ourselves with other much less resolute wills—such irresolute ones, in fact, that at times they seem to reflect more wishfulness than will."

DOUBTS as to the soundness of Anglo-Saxon leadership in NATO are shared by many Europeans. This was especially noticeable in the Assembly of the Western European Union, the seven-power Western European defense grouping which met in Paris on the same day the foreign ministers of NATO took up the Berlin question. While the smaller powers in NATO—with the unmistakable encouragement of the U.S. and British delegations—were lining up in favor of negotiations and

against the French position, the WEU delegates, who are in closer contact with European opinion than their foreign ministers usually are, heard a plea for firmness from Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt that sounded closer to de Gaulle's view than to Adenauer's. The assembly then unanimously adopted a resolution calling on all the NATO governments, in case negotiations over Berlin get under way, to stand firm on a number of tough conditions, including restoration of freedom of movement throughout the whole city and preservation of the links between West Berlin and the Federal Republic. In France, there is outspoken criticism of NATO's feeble and undignified reaction to the Communist challenge in Berlin, even from responsible public figures who are anything but blind admirers of de Gaulle's foreign policy.

Khrushchev has already achieved his essential objectives both in Berlin and in Finland through the classic diplomatic tactic of asking for much more than he actually expects to get, charges Emile Roche, president of the French Economic and Social Council, an important official body. "Naturally, the West is jubilant in both cases," M. Roche ironically remarks in a signed article published by the Paris daily *Combat*, "for West Berlin has not fallen and Finland has not been colonized. If the West were as resolute and dynamic as is claimed, it would have replied to Soviet demands in regard to West Berlin with a demand for the liberation of the satellites; we would have affirmed our determination not to give up the struggle until Eastern Europe recovers its freedom."

A similar if milder comment was made recently by Arthur Conte, a French Socialist deputy and a leading anti-Gaullist who is president of the Assembly of the Western European Union.

"The Communist offensive has ceased to be solely 'constructive,'" said M. Conte. "It has developed into maneuvers of blackmail and intimidation to which the Atlantic Alliance has not yet been able to respond with the necessary vigor and clarity."

'Clucking Like a Wet Hen'

The complaint in both statements, that the West is allowing the Communist adversary to hit us without hitting him back, implicitly rebuts one of the favorite themes of the positive thinkers in NATO: their proud claim that whereas in the time of John Foster Dulles the West was content merely to react to the Communist challenge, today it has seized the initiative and is developing its own dynamic strategy. Students of NATO problems have long agreed that NATO needed something more positive than the Dulles rigidity, but some of them now feel that the extreme flexibility of the alliance's strategy every time the enemy appears on the horizon is not quite healthy either. Thus there is sharp disapproval in some French quarters of the role played by NATO's former secretary-general, Paul-Henri Spaak, now Belgian foreign minister, in launching last September's stampede for negotiations over Berlin, which the French say might have turned

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into a diplomatic disaster if de Gaulle had not blocked the retreat route. Spaak, it is recalled here, not only transmitted Khrushchev's verbal peace feelers to the western governments but also used his prestige to support the dubious Soviet maneuver.

The French reluctance even to talk about the issue of negotiations has sometimes appeared excessive. But it looked more reasonable to observers here after Spaak, following the North Atlantic Council's discussion of the problem—which seems to have brought out a certain amount of quasi-neutralist sentiment in favor of moving the U.N. secretariat to West Berlin—publicly aired the longing of the smaller powers, plus Italy, for full-dress negotiations, as distinguished from the informal soundings on which the foreign ministers of the Big Four had agreed the previous evening. (The earlier attempt of Premier Fanfani of Italy to act as an "honest broker" between his country's allies and its enemy is even more harshly judged, not only by the French but in other NATO circles.)

THE ORGANIZATIONAL MACHINERY of the alliance has served on occasion to amplify its weaknesses rather than its strengths. Aside from formal ministerial meetings, permanent representatives of the member states that make up the North Atlantic Council meet here in Paris once a week—sometimes more frequently—under the chairmanship of the secretary-general. In recent years the body has been growing in stature; the ambassadors who are its members feel that they often play a useful role in clearing up misunderstandings among their governments—though the results are not as yet exactly spectacular—and particularly in fostering the new enthusiasm for implementing Article 2 of the Atlantic Treaty. The permanent representatives have followed closely, at times almost minute by minute, the development of the local situation in Berlin since the Communists started putting up the wall. Their contribution has consisted, as one disgusted western observer puts it, in "clucking like a wet hen" at the slightest hint of any western action to meet the challenge. (The clucking is reliably reported to have annoyed General Lucius Clay, President Kennedy's special representative in Berlin, on several occasions.) The idea of some kind of western probing action against Ulbricht's wall has been broached several times, but a majority of the permanent representatives evidently do not consider that this would be a constructive and positive activity.

"Even today we could knock a hole in the Berlin wall any time we wanted, and the Communists wouldn't budge," one frustrated western official told me recently. "Hell, I am so confident of that I would volunteer to do the job myself if someone would only lend me a bulldozer."

Accommodating the Neutrals

There is another reason why the new positive outlook in NATO is not producing the tonic effect on the alliance that might have been expected. Insofar as OECD is considered the spearhead of western global strategy—which seems to be how several of President Kennedy's advisers consider it—it has to be a somewhat blunt one, out of consideration for its neutral members. This is no handicap where it merely serves to promote western strength and unity in the economic field. To the degree, however, that the new organization seeks to challenge and compete with the Communist economic bloc, notably in the undeveloped regions of the world, it must be so polite that the psychological impact of the challenge is greatly lessened. If it is to be used as a "main channel"—in the words of one U.S. official—for the western message, that message must be considerably muted. Obviously, OECD cannot be used at all as the West's general staff for economic warfare against the Communist bloc. It *can*, however, be of some use as a shield in defending the West against Communist economic trouble-making, especially since there is no organism in NATO that adequately serves the purpose.

Admittedly, the participation of neutrals in an international organization dominated by the NATO powers works two ways. It dilutes NATO's militancy, but at the same time it tends to enlist the neutrals as allies for certain anti-Communist purposes. Thus most NATO observers agree that on balance OECD is likely to strengthen the alliance far more than it weakens it. But many of them warn against the tendency to excessive reliance on it which they think they detect, particularly in Washington, and they think that vigilance is necessary to keep in check what one authoritative NATO source terms the risk of "organizational separatism." The risk, this source added, was aggravated by the decision of the big western powers to co-ordinate economic aid to undeveloped countries through OECD rather than through NATO. Above all, the speaker deplored the philosophy back of NATO's decision not to play a direct role in economic aid. "In admitting that the NATO label would discredit such aid in the eyes of the recipients," he said, "we are conceding the victory to Communist propaganda. Why do we have to behave like convicted criminals just because the Communists accuse us of every crime they can imagine?"

THE ATLANTIC INSTITUTE, an unofficial research organization recently set up in Paris under NATO-OECD auspices and headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, former U.S. ambassador at the United Nations, offers a further illustration of the drawbacks as well as the advantages inherent in the "positive" approach. During the height of the Berlin crisis last summer, when I inquired what NATO was doing to counter Soviet political warfare, I was informed that NATO itself was debarred from virtually all activity in the political-warfare or propaganda fields by the systematic objections of certain member states. My informant expressed confidence, however, that the Atlantic Institute, when it came into being, would to a considerable degree plug this curious gap in the West's defenses. A recent visit to the institute's temporary headquarters in the Hôtel Crillon here revealed that while it was about to embark on several research projects that promised to have real value in stimulating constructive discussion of Atlantic community problems, it was even more inhibited than NATO about getting actively involved in political warfare, since it has both Swiss and Swedish members on its board of directors.

"Our approach has to be positive and constructive," an institute

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spokesman explained to me. "We play down the negative, cold-war approach, which is objectionable not only to the neutral countries but to many other Europeans. When you mention the words 'political warfare,' many people automatically bristle."

A New Yalta?

Still another reason why the "positive" approach to western unity is failing to achieve its goal is its tendency to focus on long-range general solutions to the neglect of pressing political problems. This was quite apparent during the NATO discussions here on Berlin and Katanga. The differences among the allies over these two issues appeared to be purely tactical—or so the more optimistic delegation spokesmen kept insisting to correspondents. But the bitterness that these conflicts generated seemed to suggest a much more basic cleavage.

In the case of Katanga some Europeans thought they detected on the part of the United States another example of a chronic tendency to sacrifice allied interests in order to curry favor with the Afro-Asian bloc in the U.N.—or at least a chronic American failure, despite numerous warnings, to recognize the depth of the growing European apprehensions about the role of the U.N. In the case of Berlin it is not the softness of American policy that many Europeans fear most, but its potential callousness. Much concern has been expressed about an understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union on respective spheres of influence that would ride roughshod over the special interests of our European allies.

"French suspicions are fed by the fear of a new Yalta," declares André Mannon, a commentator in the daily *Paris-Presse*. "General de Gaulle witnessed the doleful Russo-American idyll during the war. He has not forgotten that the fate of several nations was decided—and with what irresponsibility—as the result of an agreement on the part of the giant powers to carve up the world among them."

"In Paris, there are no longer any doubts about it," affirms the right-wing and somewhat sensational weekly *Aux Ecoutes*. "Mr. Kennedy is determined to return to the policy of Yalta and Potsdam."

The same suspicion is frequently voiced in French quarters considerably more responsible than *Aux Ecoutes*. There are unmistakable signs that the agonizing reappraisal —or at least searching re-examination —of French foreign policy that has been under way since midsummer applies to France's relations with its European partners in the Common Market as well as to those with its NATO allies. Fortunately, there are also signs that de Gaulle has not yet lost faith in the Franco-German partnership, which he regards as the true cornerstone of an eventual European community. True, the close personal relationship between de Gaulle and Adenauer has become cooler recently, whether because de Gaulle believes that *der Alte* has lost his grip on the German people or because he is resentful of the old chancellor's refusal to stand with France against the United States and Britain on the issue of negotiations. On the other hand, the French have been making a particular effort to develop confident and

easy working relations with Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder and other German leaders—including Willy Brandt, whom they earlier tended to regard with some suspicion.

The continued French interest in setting up a political council and secretariat as the embryonic government of an eventual European confederation is taken as an encouraging sign, even if it doesn't go far enough in the view of the European integrationists.

Above all, French diplomats, under orders from de Gaulle, continue on every suitable occasion to stress the argument that if the West even gives the appearance of weakening on Berlin, the German people in their disillusionment and demoralization will be lost to the alliance, with the result that all the dreams of the community builders will come crashing down in ruins. The stampede, as the French see it, will start in Berlin if its inhabitants believe their rights have been bartered away by the West, and will spread by contagion to the Federal Republic as a whole. It is for this reason, the French say, that they oppose a negotiation limited to the Berlin issue and focusing attention on what the Berliners may have to give up.

While the French thesis is disputed within NATO, it appears to reflect a genuine, indeed passionate desire to maintain present ties with West Germany and therefore to continue participating in the construction of the European community. The French are heartened by what they believe is a growing recognition of the soundness of their position on the part of West German opinion; and as long as they are satisfied with the German response, there is not likely to be an irreparable breakdown of the movement toward a united Europe.

De Gaulle's Trump Card

The Kennedy administration's policy of seeking a trade partnership with the Common Market and of encouraging the political union of Europe without joining it wakens little enthusiasm on this side of the Atlantic. Those Europeans who favor an Atlantic federation or confederation naturally are pained at thus being held at arms length. Those who welcome the idea of Europe standing on its own feet don't see why the United States should have special privileges in the European market, and they object particularly to the American proposal that such privileges be extended to Japan and other clients of the United States. Thus, as *Le Monde* recently noted, Holland now appears to be having second thoughts about the Common Market, and the rather anti-Common Market though pro-Atlantic current represented in Germany by Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss and Economic Minister Ludwig Erhard has certainly not been losing force recently. Above all, the French—not only de Gaulle but such impeccably orthodox "Europeans" as Maurice Faure, president of the Radical Socialist Party—look forward with what may be unjustified apprehension to the entrance of Britain and the Scandinavian powers

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into the Common Market as a further dilution of its militant "Europeanism." If de Gaulle becomes convinced either that Germany is already lost to the West or that the enlarged Common Market is headed toward neutralism, Anglo-Saxon commentators who have been complaining about the inflexibility of de Gaulle's Berlin policy may have some surprises in store for them.

As long as he feels that the Atlantic Alliance is true to itself, de Gaulle will be faithful to it, in his own somewhat trying fashion. If he becomes convinced that it is falling apart or that it is about to strike its colors, France under his leadership will not be the last member of the alliance to seek what safety it can find in a separate pact with Soviet Russia. In the present confused period of transition, the English-speaking nations cannot afford to take either France or Germany for granted as allies. For that matter, they cannot afford to take the alliance itself for granted. « »

Germany: Two Dreams And a Cruel Choice

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

THE MOST TRAGIC aspect of the split revealed in the Big Three at the foreign ministers' and NATO conferences in Paris—America and Britain favoring negotiations with the Soviets on Berlin, France categorically opposed—was that it coincided exactly with the split that divides the German people themselves.

When the wall went up through Berlin, Konrad Adenauer interrupted a campaign tour and rushed back to Bonn, revealing himself for the first time not as the chancellor of the Germans but as the chancellor of the West Germans. Willy Brandt, the governing mayor of Berlin, took the first plane back to Berlin in a desperate attempt to preserve the fading vision of German unity. The contrasting actions of Germany's two chief political leaders reflect the opposite poles in German thinking and feeling. Expressed in ultimate terms, the split divides those who favor the integration of West Germany into a Western European union at all costs and those who favor reunification at all costs.

The events of August 13 deprived Adenauer of his absolute majority in the national elections and split the West German electorate right down the middle. It took Adenauer seven full weeks to achieve a patchwork coalition between his own half-rebellious Christian Democrats and the Free Democrats. By the time he went to Washington to confer with President Kennedy, the German public had tacitly accepted the proposition that negotiations were necessary, primarily because the Americans and the British were apparently determined to negotiate. But the split continued into a new field of consideration—what to negotiate about? Here the one camp preferred to negotiate—i.e., make concessions—at the expense of West Berlin in order to keep West Germany intact; the other camp preferred to make concessions at the expense of West Germany in order to restore the status quo in Berlin and keep at least a small path open in the direction of reunification. But the split is by no means clean. Probably the majority of Germans have their heads in the first camp and their hearts in the second.

DESPITE international and some domestic belittling, reunification is still the one great emotional issue in Germany. Forty per cent of the West German population have blood relatives in East Germany, and the reverse incidence is at least twice as high. For this reason every speaker at the recent foreign-policy debate in Bonn rejected the idea of negotiations with the Soviets on Berlin alone—within a few days after Konrad Adenauer had accepted President Kennedy's proposal to do just that. When Adenauer journeyed to Paris to try to persuade President de Gaulle to accept the Anglo-American position on negotiations, the German foreign office let it be known that it was hoped de Gaulle would remain unmoved. During the foreign ministers' conference in Paris, when West German Press Secretary Felix von Eckhardt outlined the opposing French and Anglo-American points of view, he described them as "equally honest and logical" and added that the German delegation *partially* supported the Anglo-American view. An even more striking example of the split was provided by Foreign Minister Gerhard Schroeder in a speech to the NATO Council. Negotiations, said Schroeder, should either be expanded as much as possible—to include the reunification of Germany in connection with the over-all problem of European security—or narrowed to include only "certain aspects of the Berlin situation." The Federal Republic, he said, favored the latter course. Then he went on to unsay virtually everything he had said, and concluded by insisting on the maintenance of political as well as economic and cultural ties between West Berlin and the Federal Republic.

To sweeten the pill of negotiations on Berlin alone, the West German government emphasized to the public that they would constitute only the first stage in a series. But a strong voice challenged this assurance. At the Assembly for Western European Union, also in Paris concurrently with the NATO conference, Willy Brandt said that even if negotiations on Berlin alone were only the first stage, this would be a "false start." He went on to remind his distinguished audience that all existing agreements among the four powers on Berlin concerned the whole of Berlin, so that he and his colleagues could not conceive of any negotiations on Berlin that would not involve the city as a whole. Finally, he declared that a change in the status of Berlin would mean a change in the status of Germany.

Ever since the wall went up in

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Berlin, a simple syllogism has been current throughout Germany: whoever accepts the wall accepts the de facto division of Germany; if de facto division is accepted, then there is nothing left in Germany to negotiate about *except* West Berlin. Conversely, an agreement to negotiate the status of West Berlin alone would imply the acceptance of the wall and the de facto division of Germany.

Unfortunately, the German dilemma is not so simple. Most West Germans are at least dimly aware that something tremendous is in the making in Western Europe. The greatest concentration of economic power and skills in human history can be developed through the Common Market, a process that portends European political union and, ultimately, a United States of Europe. "If Britain joins us," said a West German official in Paris recently, "we shall have won the cold war. In this light it becomes very clear what the Russian game is. They are using Berlin as a lever to pry West Germany out of the alliance and out of the Common Market. This is their last chance and, by God, they can still wreck the whole thing!"

It is hard to say which is the greater dream in modern Germany—reunification or integration into a European union. It is easy to see which dream has the greater emotional appeal to the Germans. "Is this the price?" demanded a West German official in Berlin. "Is this the price—the abandonment of Berlin, of East Germany, of all hope of reunification—is this the price of Western European union?" « »

The Finns Buy Time And Hope for Better Days

MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB

HELSINKI

FINLAND has just slipped through another crisis with Russia. The price may have been high. No one is quite sure. It has all happened so often in the past that Finns, when explaining the unique relationship of their small country of 4.5 million people with the Soviet Union, a large country of 218 million, prefer to call the crisis "just another episode."

The episode started on October 30, 1961. In a toughly worded note to Helsinki, Moscow demanded "military consultations" between Finland and the Soviet Union under the terms of the 1948 mutual assistance treaty, because of an alleged "threat" of a "West German attack" against Russia through the Baltic. The news reached President Urho Kekkonen at Waikiki Beach in Hawaii, as he was winding up a successful tour through the United States and Canada. He returned to Helsinki on November 3. The demand was considered so serious that, after a tense week of conferences, Foreign Minister Ahti Karjalainen was sent to Moscow to ask Foreign Minister Gromyko just what the Russians had in mind.

The Finns realized that "military consultations" could lead to the scrapping of Finland's diplomatic neutrality and possibly to the gradual absorption of Finland into the Warsaw Pact. In parliament, politicians discussed the note in hushed whispers, and Helsinki echoed with talk of another 1939.

After a weekend of talks with Gromyko, Karjalainen returned to Helsinki on November 13, and immediately conferred with President Kekkonen. On November 14, the Finnish foreign ministry released a communiqué on the talks. It contained a glimmer of hope. Military consultations could be avoided if Finland "assured" Russia that its foreign policy of neutrality "based on friendship with Russia" would be maintained, even after the presidential elections due in February, 1962.

The Finns were puzzled about what the Russians meant by "assurances." Was Moscow really disturbed by the prospect of closer military co-operation between West Germany, Norway, and Denmark? Or was the Soviet demand for "military consultations" merely a pretext to exert pressure on Finland's internal political situation? Although Kekkonen publicly sympathized with Russia's anxiety about the "rearmament of West Germany," the wily Finnish politician decided that Moscow was more concerned about his nation's internal affairs.

Kekkonen's bid for a second six-year term as president was being threatened by Dr. Olavi Honka, a former chancellor of justice supported by five of Finland's eight political parties, including the Social Democrats, whom Moscow distrusted. Though Honka was a compromise candidate who stuttered and would not be at his best in the rough-and-tumble personal diplomacy in which Kekkonen and Khrushchev had engaged, he was still regarded as a formidable opponent. The Russians felt that under Honka Finland's neutrality might veer closer to Sweden's more pro-western outlook.

"What are you going to do?" an American asked a Finnish official. "Don't worry about it," he replied. "We're great improvisers."

KEKKONEN'S IMPROVISATION followed. He ordered parliamentary elections to be held on February 4 and 5, 1962. In this way he hoped to gain a three-month reprieve from Soviet pressure. He was wrong. On November 16, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Kuznetsov summoned Finnish Ambassador Eero Wuori to the foreign ministry and repeated the demand for "military consultations as soon as possible." Wuori returned to Helsinki for conferences on the night of November 17, a shaken man fearing for his country's future. In the Finnish capital, some of the parties backing Honka had begun to have second thoughts, and Honka himself was wondering whether it would be wise for him to pursue his bid for the presidency in view of Moscow's obvious displeasure.

On November 18, Kekkonen announced dramatically that he had

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asked for a meeting with Premier Khrushchev to "explain Finland's position." Within twenty-four hours, word reached Helsinki that the Soviet leader, who had always gotten on famously with the hard-drinking, back-slapping Kekkonen, would receive the Finnish president in Novosibirsk on November 24.

The two politicians conferred in an attractive dacha on the outskirts of the booming Siberian city for three hours. No details on their talk were released, either by the Finns or by the Russians. But Tass distributed the text of Khrushchev's luncheon speech, which sent a chill through Helsinki. The Soviet leader attacked West Germany in violent terms and repeated that "West German militarism" constituted a "serious threat to peace" in the Baltic.

On Saturday, November 25, as Kekkonen arrived in Moscow on his way back to Helsinki, a joint communiqué was released in Moscow and Helsinki. Against the background of the Khrushchev speech and the October 30 note, it read like a fairy tale: "President Kekkonen suggested that the Soviet government should not insist on its proposal," and "the Soviet Union considered that it could put off the military consultations it had proposed."

No explanation of this surprising about-face was given in the communiqué, but one was suggested in Kekkonen's report to the nation the following night. He appealed to his political opponents to abandon the "unrealistic political attitudes" that had already led them to a "dead end" and to support a "national foreign policy that alone can secure for us and our children peace and progress in our beloved country." He added: "Defiance and recklessness are now national dangers." It was clear that Kekkonen was asking his opponents to abandon more than attitudes; he was asking them to retire from active politics and leave the machinery of government to him as the sole guarantor of Finland's independence.

In the same speech, Kekkonen attempted to clarify what Khrushchev had meant by "political assurances." He turned to the communiqué: Khrushchev "expressed the wish of the Soviet government . . . that the Finnish government . . . would closely follow the development of the situation in Northern Europe and in the Baltic area and, if necessary, would transmit to the Soviet government its views on any measures that might be called for."

Finnish officials assured western journalists that Finland had scored a "diplomatic triumph" by maintaining its neutrality. But the fact remained that Finland was now obliged to keep a watchful eye on Denmark and Norway, both members of NATO, and that Finland now had to tell Moscow about any "NATO threat" in Scandinavia. This could mean taking sides in a cold-war dispute.

Two Kinds of Realism

Finland had obviously compromised, but the Finns explained that they had no other choice. To them, compromise is a way of life when it comes to disputes with the Russians.

Even before the turn of the century, the rulers of Russia launched an ambitious drive to Russify Finland, which had been loosely ruled by the Czars as Grand Dukes since 1809 but which had retained the autonomous rights and institutions developed under seven centuries of Swedish rule. This threat from the east forced the politicians of the once loyal Grand Duchy of Finland to split into two groups with diametrically opposed ideas about how to counter the Russian drive. One group, the Constitutionalists, as described by a Finnish historian, "trusted idealistically in the victory of justice," and refused to obey any new Russian laws that violated the Finnish constitution. The second group, the Compliers, "took, as they thought, a more realistic view of history; they had no faith in the triumph of justice and realized that a great power actuated by ambition is inexorable. They were therefore ready to give way in anything that did not, in their opinion, affect Finland's vital interests." The Constitutionalists advanced a realistic argument too: "That the demands of Russia arose in the last resort from an ideological nationalism that would not be satisfied until Finland had been completely absorbed into the Empire, so that compliance would merely accelerate the process."

The passive-resistance strategy of the Constitutionalists won. Their massive Russian opponent was actually weak, soon to disintegrate under the pressure of foreign wars and internal revolutionary forces. As the old Russian Empire disintegrated, Finland, along with other border regions, became an independent state. Today, Finland is the only part of the former Russian Empire lost in the chaos of the 1917 revolution that has not been retrieved, one way or another, by the Soviet Union. The Russian attempt to annex Finland in 1939, after Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania had succumbed, was met by stiff military resistance. Thousands of young Finns died in the snowy forests around Vyborg, and Finland's refusal to buckle under Russian pressure won the respect of the world. In the peace settlement of 1944, Russia took one-tenth of Finland, but, as the Finns point out, they kept nine-tenths—and their independence.

A Soviet-inspired attempt at a Communist coup, in 1948, failed, but again Finland had to pay a price. This time, it was a Treaty of Friendship, Cooperation, and Mutual Assistance with the Soviet Union. The treaty established the guiding principle of Finnish foreign policy, the Paasikivi policy, which was one of neutrality based on friendship with Russia. It was named after President Juho Paasikivi, who had started his political career decades before as a Complier; he managed to win Stalin's confidence just as Kekkonen has won Khrushchev's. The Finns were well aware that the Paasikivi formula represents an unusual kind of neutrality, since Finland has been forced to accommodate its demanding neighbor. But they argued, and still do, that this was a compromise, based on a recognition of power, which allowed Finland to retain its independence—and to gain time. Now, as the Finns look back to the dark days of 1948, they feel they have reason to be confident about present and future crises: the time they gained then has served their country well.

Khrushchev inherited Stalin's Finnish policy; what was unique in Stalinist diplomacy—"peaceful coexistence" between the Soviet Union and a non-Communist state—has be-

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come standard for Khrushchev. He seized the chance to prove what a good neighbor Russia could be. In 1956, just after Soviet troops were withdrawn from Austria, Khrushchev returned the Finnish base at Porkkala, leased to the Russians after the Finnish defeat in 1944, and recognized Finnish neutrality.

From Vyborg to Vainikkala

Despite Khrushchev's gestures toward the establishment of Finnish-Russian coexistence, the clearly defined and heavily guarded border between Vyborg on the east and Vainikkala on the west separates two worlds. The Soviet Union is an aggressive Communist dictatorship, split between a nineteenth-century standard of living and a twenty-first-century scientific thrust. Finland is a western democracy with no ambitions other than to stay independent, committed to the twentieth century in its political organization and its application of technological progress to everyday life.

Russia has one political party, and the press echoes its line. Finland has eight parties and many newspapers, all with different viewpoints.

Russia's economy is based on a top-heavy system of central planning with a predominant emphasis on heavy industry. The privileged form a tiny minority; the welfare of the masses comes off second best to the power requirements of the state. The Finnish economy is a mixture of private enterprise, state ownership, and co-operatives. There are few extremes of wealth and poverty; everyone has been assured a fairly high standard of living.

Russia's cultural life, both domestic and imported, is strictly controlled; there is only one line. A Soviet bookstore is a study in monotony. But Finland's cultural life is open to many influences. Helsinki, with a population of half a million, boasts two of the largest bookstores in Europe. *Hawaii*, *Profiles in Courage*, and Françoise Sagan's latest best-seller coexist with Lenin's *Collected Works*, and Khrushchev and Gagarin. Newspapers of all political views are sold, the New York *Times* international edition next to *Pravda*. These bookstores are a reflection of the open society that Finland is—and wants to remain.

Aware of this basic difference, Moscow is using Khrushchev's favorite technique—a concerted campaign to promote exchange in both cultures and goods—to try to influence Finland's overwhelmingly western society. On November 23, 1961, as Kekkonen headed toward Novosibirsk for his meeting with Khrushchev and Helsinki held its breath, Soviet violinist Leonid Kogan played a program of Bach, Brahms, and Prokofiev before a packed house at the Helsinki Conservatory. This was one of many Soviet concerts, art exhibits, and theatrical troupes that have been sent to Finland.

Although cultural contacts between Finns and Russians are increasing, the counterattraction of western culture is far greater. It was harder to get a ticket for Dizzy Gillespie's concert on November 23 than for Kogan's. The occasional Soviet movie poster is lost among the glaring colors and shapes of ads for *One Eyed Jacks* and *Goodbye Again*. Despite official encouragement, the study of the Russian language ranks fourth, after English, German, and French. The universities have no special Soviet studies program, and Russian history is taught as part of European history.

Finland's exchanges with the other Scandinavian nations are free and easy. Swedish, the language of Finland's largest minority group, is spoken by practically all Finns, and serves as a bridge to the west. Through hundreds of organizations—educational, legal, scientific—the links have been strengthened. Labor can move freely from one country to another, since travelers need no passport. And quietly but significantly, influential politicians from Iceland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland meet annually in the Nordic Council, and make recommendations that are generally accepted by all five governments.

Of Trade and Time

Whatever influence the Soviet Union has over Finland is certainly not exerted by the irresistible attraction of its culture or its way of life. Its economic influence, however, is more effective. Before the Second World War, Russian-Finnish trade was negligible, amounting to little more than one per cent of Finland's total foreign trade. Now Russia ranks second among Finland's trading partners, accounting for approximately eighteen per cent.

The change is hardly noticeable in Helsinki's stores. Unlike stores in Moscow, they seem to offer everything from everywhere—from oranges and bananas to Kleenex and electric mixers. Their clothes, local or imported, reflect Paris styles. Their furniture, textiles, dishes, glassware, and other household goods rank with the best of contemporary Scandinavian design; and alongside them are Italian ceramics, Egyptian brass, and Japanese tea sets. There are not many things made in Russia that the Finnish consumer is willing to buy, other than the traditional exports of caviar, crabmeat, and vodka.

The change in the balance of Finland's foreign trade *is* noticeable on Helsinki's busy streets. Volgas and Moskvitches mingle with Fords and Peugeots, not because they are preferred over their western counterparts but because Finland is committed to buy five to seven thousand Soviet cars each year under the terms of the state trade agreement. This amounts to about twenty-seven per cent of all cars imported.

By far the most important part of Soviet-Finnish trade is "invisible," consisting of more basic items. Russia sells bread grains and raw materials—most significantly oil—to Finland; Finland sells the products of its machine-building industry and shipyards, developed after the war to pay off the Russian reparations debt in goods the Russians needed. Now that the debt is paid, Russia continues to offer the chief market for these products, which have become increasingly vital to the Finnish economy. But Finland has begun to find markets for them in the West as well, making the nation somewhat less vulnerable to Russian pressure.

In economics as in culture, Finland leans to the West. Although the Soviet bloc in 1959 accounted for 24.5 per cent of Finland's imports and 23.5 per cent of its exports, the thirteen European nations of the British-led European Free Trade Association and the six common market countries of the European Economic Community supplied nearly two-thirds of Finland's imports and

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took more than half of its exports.

These trade ties were strengthened in 1960 when Khrushchev, in a moment of unnatural generosity, permitted Finland to become an associate member of the Outer Seven.

The possibility of some sort of union between the Seven and the Six may turn into Finland's major problem for 1962. It would pose a basic economic dilemma: Finland could not afford to remain outside an enlarged Common Market, particularly if Sweden, its chief competitor, is included—but Finland's treaty obligations to Moscow would surely present a difficulty. Moscow recently warned Austria that any move toward association with the Common Market would be regarded as a "violation" of the Russian-Austrian State Treaty of 1955. The implication is clear to the Finns, who are in a much more vulnerable position than the Austrians: will Russia allow them to become associated with what Moscow has called the "economic arm of the aggressive NATO bloc"?

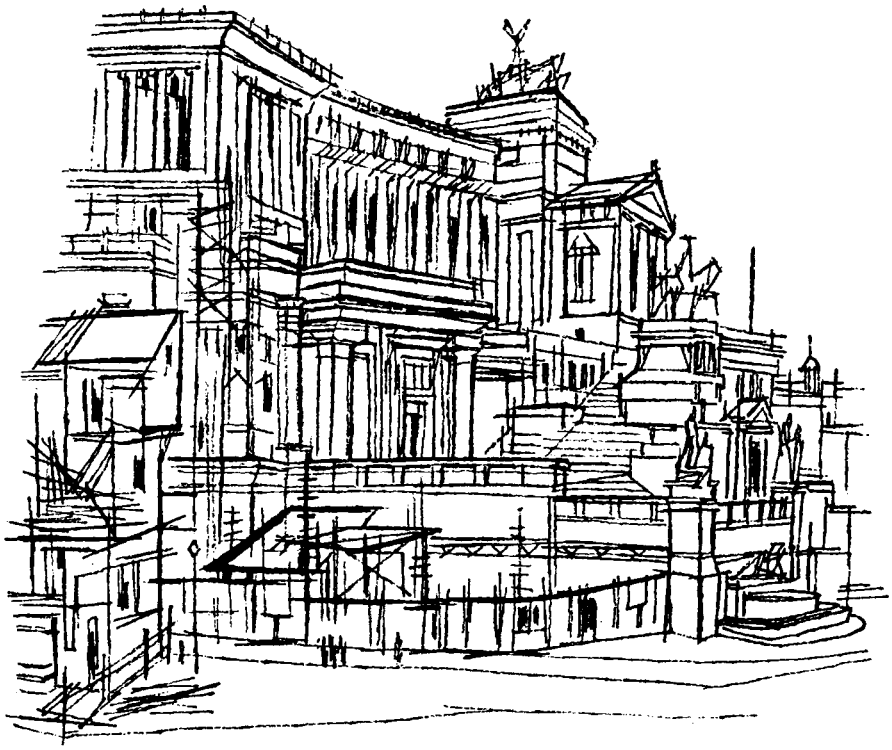
THIS IS ESSENTIALLY an economic problem for Finland, but for Russia it is a question of control, based on a cynical assessment of Finland's unfortunate geography.

The latest compromise was a hard one for Finns to accept. They knew that even if nothing specific had been given away, Finland's freedom to maneuver had certainly been reduced; and there will be less left to bargain with the next time.

The present-day Compliers insist that the Paasikivi policy still works, that Kekkonen's trip to Novosibirsk was a success, and that he has bought Finland more time—time to be an independent country, to continue to develop a prosperous economy, to strengthen its links with Scandinavia and the West, and to hope that eventually the Soviets' territorial ambitions will be sated, their suspicions will be eased, and their security will be guaranteed through some kind of broad understanding with the western powers.

Finns talk about time the way some Russians talk about Communism—a dream that is worth almost any sacrifice. "We'll manage," the Finns tell foreigners. "Remember, we're great improvisers."

AT HOME & ABROAD



The Communist Roadblock In Italian Politics

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

SINCE THE END of the last war, the central fact in Italian politics has been the presence here of the biggest Communist Party outside the Iron Curtain. For sixteen years now, this party has projected an image of itself as Italy's ineluctable destiny: sooner or later, by hook or crook—so millions of Italians have believed—the Communists in this country would come to power.

Of the three ways by which Communists might theoretically seize power—revolution, the Red Army, the ballot—the Italian party has long since formally chosen the third. The "Italian road to socialism," a long but respectable parliamentary road, was invented by Palmiro Togliatti, the party's general secretary; and though no Communist Party in the world has yet come to power by that avenue, Togliatti has brought his further along than any other.

For all its misfortunes in recent years—the Hungarian uprising, the current economic boom, Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign—the Italian Communist Party still has 1,728,000 members, polls 6,700,000 votes (22.7 per cent of the total and going up), and controls nearly half the labor movement (forty-five per cent and also going up). By a multiple series of alliances, it can also claim as its own from a third to a half of the Socialists' 4,200,000 votes; and alone or with the Socialists, it governs eighteen hundred towns and cities. Its bloc of 140 deputies in Parliament can make any government's life miserable if not unbearable, and in several northern strongholds like Tuscany and Emilia, it *is* the government. Its agitprop workers operate through a network of 39,852 party cells and numberless auxiliaries—women's and youth groups, summer camps, ath-

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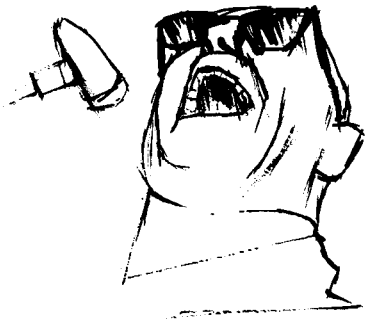
letic, movie, and cultural clubs. Its propaganda apparatus includes four daily newspapers, fifty-odd periodicals (covering every field from Marxist theory to women's fashions, sports, the arts, and a children's comic strip on Negro lynchings in America), and a publishing house with outlets in five major and thirty-eight minor cities, whose latest summer catalogue lists 325 titles.

ALL THIS is directed by a staff of eight thousand paid national functionaries, twenty-five hundred other paid functionaries in the trade unions, and twenty thousand rather underpaid regional agents for the party and its front organizations, on a budget of $25 million a year. Thanks to the recent defection of several top leaders, the source of these funds is no longer much of a mystery. (Two of these men, whom the party had made titular directors of purely commercial enterprises, took the firms with them when they quit, and are now spending the proceeds on anti-Communist propaganda.) According to such informants, the party doesn't derive an excessive income from ordinary business enterprises, which are mostly at the local level: small hotels, real-estate agencies, tourist agencies for Iron Curtain visitors. Nor has it gone in for much stock-market speculation since the late Giuseppe di Vittorio, secretary of the Communist-dominated labor federation (CGIL), took a flier with $150,000 of the CGIL's money and lost it. Most of its commercial income comes, rather, from a straight two to five per cent agent's commission on half of Italy's trade with the Soviet bloc. The take on this averages about $1.5 million a year, though it has been much more since Italy's state fuel boss, Enrico Mattei, made a $200-million oil deal with Russia. Another estimated $1.5 million comes from membership dues, a similar amount from yearly campaigns for the party's official organ, *l'Unità*, and yet another similar contribution from Italy's huge co-operative movement, which has been under Communist control since 1947 and regularly turns over half its profits to the party. The balance, close to $20 million, is delivered more or less openly by the Soviet embassy in Rome.

If this makes the Italian party a rather expensive proposition for Moscow, neither Stalin nor Khrushchev (reportedly even more open-handed) has seemed to mind. The party here has always given them their money's worth and it still does even now, when it is showing marked signs of fatigue.

Outwardly, the party seems as flourishing as ever, or nearly so. Though it has never recovered the trade-union majority it lost when it was defeated at Fiat in 1955, it has been steadily inching back; and while its membership has been dropping since 1956, its electoral strength has never stopped rising. From 22.7 per cent in the 1958 political poll, its score rose to 27.9 per cent in the 1960 elections; and in a northern by-election only a few weeks ago—at the very moment when Russian superbombs were exploding and Stalin's body was removed from its mausoleum—the figure went up another 1.2 per cent.

This rather puzzling phenomenon can be explained by several causes. The economic progress of the nation, while truly remarkable, has unevenly affected the various sectors of the economy and the sections of the country. The government's capacity to cope with the nation's major difficulties has been hampered by the fact that the Christian Democratic Party has been too long exposed to the corrosion of power and by internal factionalism. Above all, the various Christian Democratic governments, ruling or in coalition with other democratic parties, never had



to contend with what might be called a loyal democratic opposition, for the largest of the opposition parties represented not an alternative government but an alternative régime. Actually, the constantly growing Communist vote has succeeded both in weakening the Christian Democrats and in exposing them to the temptations inherent in having to govern with no alternatives.

If the electoral strength of the Communist Party has been mounting, so has the economy of the nation and the eagerness on the part of all social groups to enjoy a bigger slice of the national pie. *L'appetito viene mangiando,* the Italians say—appetite comes with eating. The Communists have been riding the wave of the nation's economic improvement and have kept their apparatus going with the up-to-date efficiency of a machine that can almost be run by automation. If a town is struck by fire or flood, Communist cadres are unfailingly first on the scene with hot coffee and blankets. If a peasant needs help in filling out endless legal papers for his pension, he can apply to the local Communist section without waiting for hours in an antechamber or bringing a gift, as Italian tradition requires. If a southern émigré is bewildered in his new northern factory job, he is at once taken under the wing of a Communist shop steward. If a Christian Democratic deputy manages, with infinite pains, to get a government allocation for a new public building in his district, it is the Communist secretary in the local Chamber of Labor who allots the jobs.

A substantial portion of the party's voting strength results from this kind of combined social work and pork-barreling, particularly in the northern cities that have long been under a Communist régime. In Bologna, for instance, where Communist Mayor Giuseppe Dozza has ruled unchallenged for sixteen years, the prospect of unseating him appalls even the conservative middle class: not only does Dozza run the city beautifully—the party's League of Democratic Municipalities carefully trains city planners, administrators, technicians—but he dispenses patronage so judiciously that his downfall would bring any number of good bourgeois lawyers, accountants, contractors, and commercial suppliers to ruin.

Nevertheless, this has little to do with ideological conviction, or the iron-willed fighting power that makes for a classic Bolshevik party. The kind of Communists who make up that kind of party are rapidly

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vanishing from Italian ranks. An impressive number have left: nearly four hundred thousand, by official reckoning, since Hungary and Khrushchev's first anti-Stalin report in 1956—but probably closer to a million, since the official figure represents the net loss, allowing for an average of 150,000 new recruits each year. Those who remain have been systematically screened and rescreened, especially in the higher echelons: since 1956, the central committee and the control commission have been twice reshuffled, with nearly two-thirds of the old personnel replaced. Naturally, Togliatti and his well-established lieutenants —Luigi Longo, Giorgio Amendola, Mario Alicata, Pietro Ingrao—are not among those who have been replaced. But except for Longo, these men are scarcely revolutionary by habit or temperament, and the same can be said for the new men who flank them.

Insurance and Vermouth

The quality of these new leaders is an interesting clue to the party's contemporary role in Italian affairs. Young, cynical, contemptuous of the desperately sentimental Bolsheviks of old, many of them have been drawn to the party primarily by the elemental desire to get ahead. No other party in Italy can offer an ambitious politician such a quick trip up the ladder to political prominence and public esteem, with a large captive audience, a seat in parliament (at a salary of eight hundred dollars a month), and a curious sort of homage, one-third admiration, two-thirds an insurance policy —for who can be sure of what may come?—that is reserved here for the Communist alone. Apart from the prime minister himself, Togliatti is the only politician in the country who is greeted personally and treated to vermouth and cookies by the director of RAI, the Italian radio network, when he appears for a television interview.

Though none of these leaders can match Togliatti, who is matchless at politicking, they are unquestionably able. But all their energies, all their acquired glamor, find their reward in campaigning and in parliamentary maneuver, and here they stop.

No wonder the once fearsome party has grown sluggish and top-heavy. According to the Communists' own publications, only two hundred thousand party members attend at least one meeting a year, which is to say that 1,528,000 members don't go to meetings at all. As a result, the party's organizational pyramid has been shrinking markedly at the base. Since 1956, it has closed down 16,192 cells, including a third of those that used to function inside the factories: and most of the remaining factory cells exist largely on paper. This is particularly true in the northern industrial triangle, where the party's membership losses have been greatest: thirty-seven per cent in Turin, twenty-seven per cent in Genoa, twenty-two per cent in Milan. Even in Milan's Brown-Boveri plant, says *l'Unità*, "where the workers' organized force never failed in the blackest years of our history, there is a constant fall in membership." While the workers still make up 37.9 per cent of the party, therefore, they have become an increasingly passive force, led—or pushed—by the intellectuals (0.6 per cent) at the pyramid's top. The action squads of former days are mostly gone. By now, the party must rely on mercenaries for practically every service it requires, from peddling *l'Unità* to scrawling graffiti on city walls; and it is no longer possible for Togliatti to turn on a riot, or even a rally, at will. The last time he tried, in defense of Fidel Castro during the Bay of Pigs invasion, he couldn't muster more than two hundred of his following in Rome.

This doesn't mean that the Communists here are now incapable of mob action. But, as a former high functionary explains, their disposition to strike or riot has come to depend less on blind discipline than on how they feel personally about the issue at stake. According to this source, for instance, the central committee was baffled last year by a rash of strikes fomented by some obscure workers in the north, and had immense difficulty in calling them off. "Even now," he says, "the central committee doesn't know why they went out or what they wanted. And that isn't by any means an isolated case. The truth is that the party today could not start—or stop—a general strike merely because it wanted to. As for a revolution, the question is hardly worth discussing."

There was a time when discussion of that question might have been worthwhile. The Italian party has had three excellent opportunities for a revolution, and each time it has deliberately averted it. The first came just at the end of the war, when, as Togliatti has said, "There was a situation in Italy in which it would not have been difficult to take power and begin to build a socialist society . . . The greater part of the population would have followed us." But, he added, "the country was occupied by the American and British armies; an insurrection against these armies would have been politically absurd, and destined to sure defeat." He did not add that such an insurrection would have been resolutely opposed by Stalin, who flatly told him so.

'Big Mustache' Didn't Come

Stalin never wanted a Communist régime anywhere that was not directly under the control of the Red Army—his main reason for breaking with Tito. Nor did he want to take any risks after the war that might invalidate the Yalta Agreement, which, while leaving the Italian Communists in a capitalistic limbo, gave Stalin all the time he needed to digest his new Eastern European empire. Having noted the western reaction to the postwar Communist uprising in Greece (whose leader he later dispatched to Siberia), he was anything but eager for a similar Italian adventure.

When Togliatti returned to Italy, therefore, after waiting out Fascism and the war in Moscow, he came in the parliamentarian's double-breasted blue suit that has become his uniform. With the only organized party in Italy and millions of enthusiastic sympathizers, with his northern partisans still armed and jubilant in the knowledge that revolution was just around the corner—*"Ha da veni' Baffone"* was the scrawl on thousands of walls, "Big Mustache [Stalin] Is Coming"—Togliatti announced urbanely that there would be no revolution. The Communists' task, he said, was to "create a progressive and democratic régime" in Italy. "We know how

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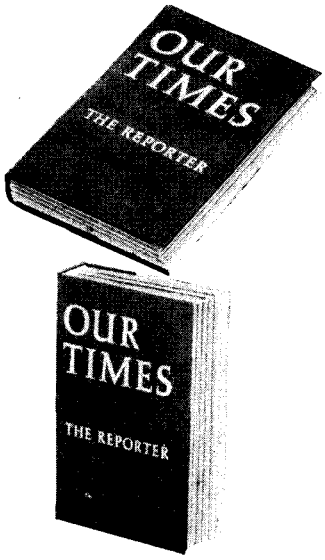

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How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

Out of Hunger: Agricultural Progress

In 1948, food was scarce in West Germany. And the Esso affiliate there, just recently restored to us, was then trying to rebuild its office staff.

When the food shortage was over, the question arose of what to do with the flourishing farm. Why not turn it into a center for agricultural research?

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)

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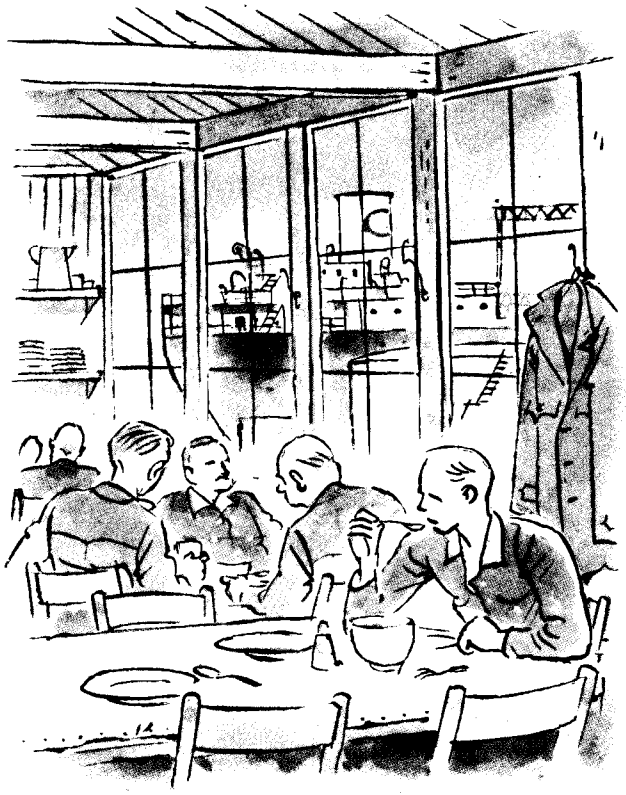
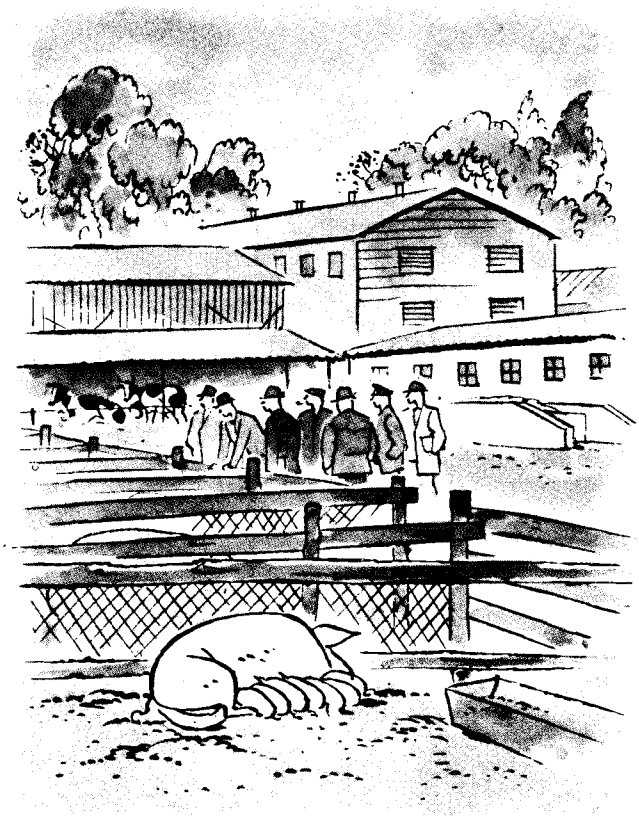


But the workers were undernourished. They needed at least one good meal a day—a meal which the company would serve if enough food could be found.

So Esso rented a farm. Badly run down during the war—the drainage tiles broken, the soil sour—it was slowly nursed back by hard work and care.



Now the farm's demonstrations are visited by tens of thousands every year. Many tradition-bound farmers get their first look at modern agriculture here.

Thus was born a fount of new knowledge for the food-growers of a nation. *Business, conducted with imagination, can often produce unexpected results.*

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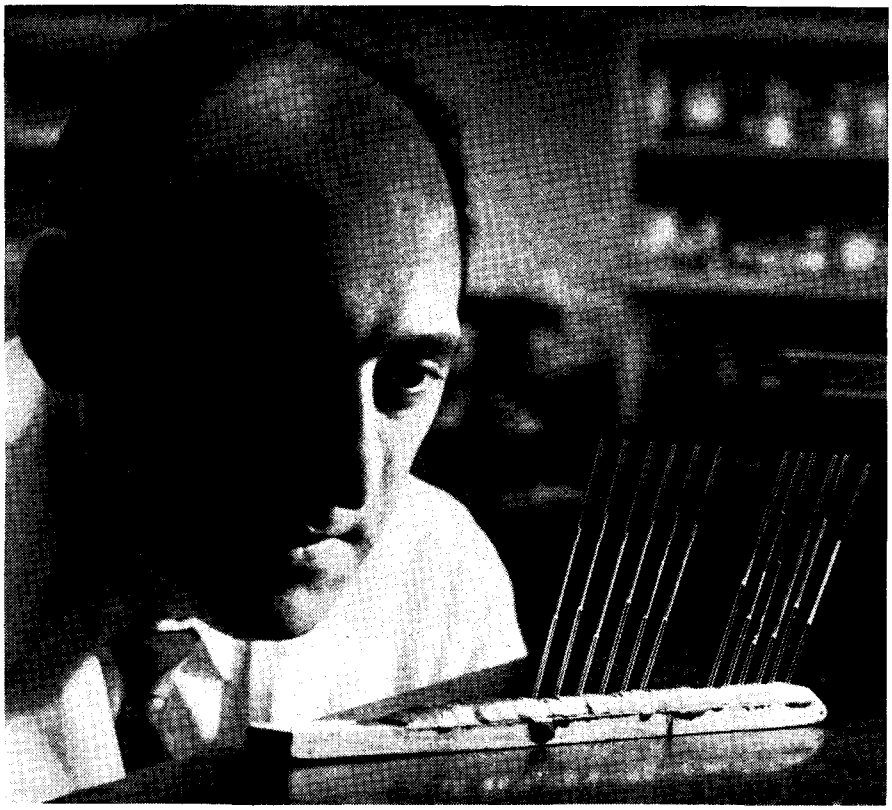

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deep the destruction of Italy's social fabric has been," he explained. "If we were to have any other objective, we would fail in our duty to the nation."

His strategy then, and since, was to avoid all frontal attacks and develop a maneuverable mass party which, in coalition with "the more progressive" Socialist and Catholic forces, could achieve power legally; and believing this goal very near—he was already in the provisional cabinet—he left no stone unturned to reach it. In those early years, for example, he not only gave tacit support to the discredited Italian monarchy but even voted to insert the Vatican Concordat in the new constitution. (This overture to the Christian Democrats was a sad failure, since Prime Minister De Gasperi threw the Communists out of the cabinet just three weeks later.) At the same time, Togliatti waged merciless war within his party on "vulgar anti-clericalism," "infantile sectarianism," and all the other bad habits of die-hard Bolsheviks.

DESPITE his efforts, revolutionary conditions persisted. In 1947, a mere incident touched off a semi-insurrection in the north, with tumultuous strikes and riots, and an armed occupation so nearly complete that when Interior Minister Mario Scelba called his Milan prefect on a private line, it was Communist Central Committeeman Giancarlo Pajetta who answered the telephone. The occupation ended as abruptly as it began. But the north wind blew again, and more strongly, the following summer when a young Sicilian took a shot at Togliatti and nearly killed him. In the resulting outbreak, every major factory in Turin and Milan was occupied, policemen were disarmed, and partisans' roadblocks went up throughout northern and central Italy. Even in phlegmatic Rome, excited crowds were shouting, *"Dacce er via!"*—"Give us the go-ahead!"—to their leaders. The party's reply was solemn: "Citizens, comrades . . . Let us pay homage to Togliatti by passing in silence before the gates of the Policlinico, where he lies." The party's revolutionary era ended with this silent homage.

Though Togliatti's hopes for an early electoral conquest were dashed in the elections of 1948, when the Popular Front polled only thirty-one per cent in the national elections, he did not find the outlook too discouraging. While the front was later disbanded, he was able to keep Pietro Nenni's Socialist Party so

closely bound to him that he could, in effect, claim nearly forty-five per cent of the electorate by 1960; and for all the Vatican's efforts—including a decree of mass excommunication for Communists—he has managed to maintain a broad avenue of communication with the Catholic masses. The Italian Communist Party is probably the only one on earth, in fact, that can be said to have "solved" its religious problem: ninety per cent of its members are, if not full practicing Catholics, at least baptized, married, and buried by the Church.

Nevertheless, the Communist tide has both swollen and slowed down. The Italian middle class, growing sleek and confident, is no longer so vulnerable to Communist pressure; many an intellectual, since Hungary, has drifted away from the party; and even the workers, whose aspirations have been keeping step with their pay checks, are begining to think less about improving the lot of their own class and more about moving a step higher to the middle one. The fact is, they *are* moving: on weekends the Italian workmen, rather than attend party rallies, prefer to get out into the country, riding with their wives or sweethearts on their motor scooters or in the Fiats they have bought on the installment plan.

Togliatti's indispensable ally, the Socialist Party, seems finally to be breaking away. The process is far from completed: while Nenni's party has officially severed its ties with the Communists, it is still trying a disengagement maneuver in the trade unions and municipal councils, and at least a third of its organizational apparatus is still in the hands of pro-Communists (many of whom are on Togliatti's payroll). Still, it is doubtful whether the Socialist masses can be counted on any longer to play a role in Togliatti's grand design.

The Communist Party is more than adequate in the role Moscow had assigned to it: maybe not to govern Italy but certainly to render it as far as possible ungovernable. This kind of job Togliatti can do admirably. He has managed to keep Italian democracy in a state of constant jitters—not only by what he has done but by what he has led democratic leaders to think he might do. With all the democratic parties combined barely able to muster a majority in parliament, successive governments have been afraid to seek help from the Right lest an anti-Fascist voter fall into Togliatti's arms—or from the Left lest they themselves fall into his arms. Having thus deprived the government's freedom to move toward either side or to carry out sustained efforts of social reform, Togliatti has had no scruples in accepting anyone's help to complete the government's encirclement. Seven years ago, for instance, he joined with the Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano to thrust the election of President Giovanni Gronchi on an unwilling Christian Democratic Party; last year he did the same to form a Sicilian regional government; and he will almost surely try it again in the presidential election this spring.

The Beginning of Doubt

To harass the government suits Togliatti perfectly, but not all his followers. The notion has dawned on many of them that for the Soviet Union their big party is only a weapon of harassment against the West. The feeling has started spreading that the party's revolutionary radicalism may have become a mere ceremonial, or that at the utmost the party has become a mass of

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maneuver to be used as a low-priority reserve in the contingency planning of the Soviet Union.

These doubts, slow to mature, did not begin to dawn among the party faithful until 1956, the year when Khrushchev made his first report on Stalin and Red Army tanks rolled into Budapest. Stunned by these events, thousands of Communists could not help wondering what might have happened if Big Mustache had indeed come to Italy as they had once expected—or what might conceivably happen if the Red Army, on which their last hopes were pinned, should one day roll into Rome. Dissatisfied with Togliatti's reply, 250,000 of them quit the party at once, and others have been doing so ever since.

Advice from the Heart

Togliatti's reply was no different from what it had always been. Apart from a youthful lapse into Bukharinism, he has not, for thirty years, deviated an inch from the line of whoever was in power in the Kremlin; and though he had followed Stalin step by step until the old man died, he did not hesitate to agree effusively with Khrushchev that the old man had been a terrible tyrant all along. Nevertheless, he was not entirely certain, in 1956, of how closely he should commit himself to Khrushchev. The power struggle in Moscow was still in a murky stage, he told his closest comrades in Rome, and no one could foretell the outcome. To other comrades from all over Europe who appealed to him frantically for advice after the Twentieth Congress in Moscow—practically all of them wanted to depose their leaders, and the Hungarians wanted to hang Rákosi as well—he said pretty much the same thing. "Adapt your party line to the Kremlin's by all means," was his counsel. "But don't go too far, don't do anything hasty, and don't by any means change your leaders."

This last bit of advice, particularly, came straight from the heart. Accustomed to making practical decisions, Togliatti could renounce his old loyalty to Stalin as a matter of course, even if he did so with a certain personal distaste: a highly cultivated intellectual, he had always admired (though not really liked) Stalin as a grand medieval figure, whereas he looks down on Khrushchev as little more than a shrewd, horse-trading, peasant. But if he could justify the change to himself, he could not so easily do that to his followers. Why had he gone along with Stalin for so many years, unprotesting? Why had he failed to inform his own party of Stalin's odious behavior? Above all, what had he himself been *doing* in Moscow during those twenty years when he was sitting out Fascism and the war?

What he was doing there was not of a nature to reassure his followers. During those twenty years, Togliatti was not only a member of the Comintern presidium and secretariat, but was also one of Stalin's chief assistants, whose job it was to review capital sentences. Among those whose death sentences he reviewed were the celebrated Hungarian revolutionary Béla Kun, as well as Andrés Nin in Spain—not to mention the central committee of the Polish Communist Party, most of whose members were liquidated. He is, in fact, the sole Communist leader still alive and in the Kremlin's good graces whose active complicity in Stalin's crimes is a matter of public record.

In spite of this, Togliatti did not have as hard a time in 1956 as he had expected. At that moment, the Communist cadres in Italy were less concerned about Togliatti personally than they were about the broader implications of Khrushchev's report. Those who couldn't stomach the facts simply quit the party, while those remaining were manifestly the kind of Communists who preferred not to ask questions. After going through the motions of a debate on "liberalizing" the Italian party, therefore, Togliatti could safely assume that the crisis was over, and take up where he had left off.

With the recent Twenty-second Congress in Moscow, however, the crisis has been revived, and this time Togliatti is in deeper trouble. While he has by now made up his mind to stick with Khrushchev—demonstrably the winner in the Kremlin power struggle—he cannot be at all confident that Khrushchev is still willing to stick by him; and with the Soviet premier's grim insistence on raking over the Stalinist past, not even the blindest and deafest of Communists here can manage to ignore it. From the bottom to the top of the pyramid have come demands for more explanations, for greater autonomy from Moscow, for increased internal freedom, and even for the right to establish organized factions within the party—this last coming directly from one of Togliatti's chief lieutenants, Amendola. The clamor for a complete structural overhaul has been loud enough to bring accusations of opportunism, revisionism, Trotskyism, and deviationism from the French Communists. Though all this revising and deviating has not yet led to the purge of a single Stalinist personality in the Italian party, the most eligible candidate on the list is Togliatti himself.

By all accounts, the odds so far are against Togliatti's losing the reins of leadership. But whether he stays or goes makes comparatively little difference to the party that has so long been molded in his image. The Communist Party, even with all its electoral following and its organized or unorganized fellow travelers, is not big enough to conquer power, while it may have become too flabby to try revolution. Still, it is one of the major causes for the chronic unbalance of Italian democracy, one of the main reasons why the government here has frequently, and rightly, been accused of immobilism. The huge Communist parliamentary group has encouraged the fretfulness of overambitious marginal men in and out of the majority coalition.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the Communists here are going through a phase of internal trouble. Will the democratic parties take advantage of the opportunity and manage to whittle down the huge Communist bloc? Or will they, through inaction and bickering, provide Italy with new evidence of what seems to have become traditional: that no matter how fatigued or flabby the Communist Party may be, when elections come, the number of Communist voters increases? On the answer to these two questions, above all on the concerted aggressiveness of the democratic parties, depends the future of one of Western Europe's major nations.

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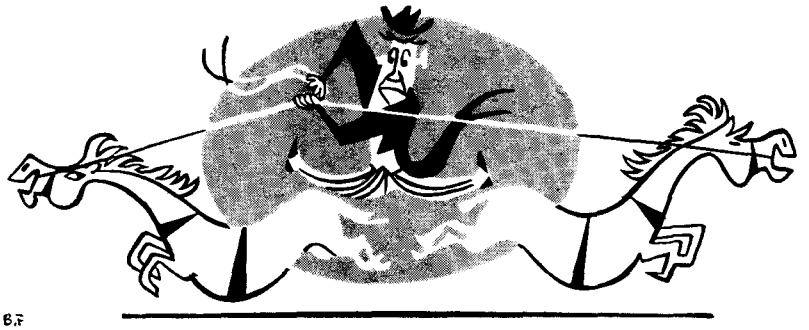

Byrdland Revisited

DOUGLASS CATER

ACCORDING to his own testimony, Willard Van Valkenburgh, a mild-mannered man of forty-four who is a broker residing in Alexandria, Virginia, approached the state elections on November 7 in a suspicious frame of mind. His confidence, he says, had been "undermined" by the Democratic Party primary held in July. Through an extraordinary series of occurrences (see "Melodies from Byrdland," *The Reporter*, November 9), the Alexandria seat in the House of Delegates was snatched from Denis K. Lane, the anti-Byrd machine candidate who had been declared winner, and was handed to James Thomson, the incumbent, who is a Byrd in-law. Because of "irregularities" in the ballot tabulation (traceable directly to election secretary Michael Horan, a veteran Byrd man) there had been a recount supervised by other veteran Byrd men in which twenty-two ballots cast for Lane were thrown out and Thomson was declared the victor —by a single vote. Loser Lane had to pay the court costs involved in the recount, while election secretary Horan has been subsequently proposed for a Federal district judgeship by the Byrd forces.

Van Valkenburgh felt a special sense of grievance over the affair because his wife, Lois, had served as Lane's campaign manager. Perhaps it was the reason why he did not behave docilely that election-day morning. Upon emerging from the voting booth at the Charles Barrett School with marked ballot in hand, he was accosted by a woman who, without identifying herself, attempted to take his ballot from him. He admits that he yanked it from her and thrust it directly into the ballot box. Though no words were spoken between them, so far as Van Valkenburgh recalls, their hands "collided" over the ballot box. Without further ado, Van Valkenburgh departed.

He had violated Title 24, Section 247 of the Virginia Election Code, which stipulates that "the elector shall fold the ballot . . . and hand the same to the judge of the election, who shall place the same in the ballot box." In defense, Van Valkenburgh pleads that he had no way of knowing that the woman was an election judge and that, anyway, Title 24-247 has always been observed in the breach. Two of his friends who voted at the same polling place were not required to submit to this procedure.

It was by no means the end of the affair. At eight o'clock that evening, as Van Valkenburgh was at home with his three children while his wife attended a P.T.A. executive committee meeting, two policemen appeared at the door with a criminal warrant. It stipulated that Van Valkenburgh (or, to be precise, "the body of the above accused") be brought before the election judges. Posthaste, he was taken by patrol car back to the Charles Barrett School, where counting of the ballots was in progress. There, without being permitted voice or counsel, he was sentenced by three women, none of them lawyers, to serve one hour in jail. Taken to the city jail and stripped of his valuables, Van Valkenburgh had almost completed his term before a defense lawyer could get there. There was not time to seek habeas corpus.

It was apparent that somebody had been delving into ancient state statutes. Title 24, Section 192 of the Virginia Code provides that if anyone conducts himself in a "noisy, riotous or tumultuous" way at the polls, he can be arrested "forthwith" and committed to jail by the election judges. Obviously intended as a means of protecting the sanctity of the polling place from persistent troublemakers, the proviso in the code contains no mention of imposing punishment, without trial or due process, after the polls are closed. So far as anyone can remember, it had never been invoked. Van Valkenburgh's lawyer, Albert J. Ahern, Jr., has also proved to be familiar with ancient law. Dipping into the civil-rights statutes adopted after the Civil War, he found that Title 42, Section 1983 of the U.S. Code provides that anyone who "under color of any statute" deprives a citizen of his constitutional rights can be sued in the Federal courts.

AHERN has filed a claim in the U.S. District Court for $150,000 against the three election officials. The case is provoking some nervous anticipation among the Byrd forces. The defendants' lawyer, Albert Bryan, Jr., son of the Federal Court of Appeals Judge from Virginia, is seeking to get it thrown out of court on the ground that his clients were acting in a "judicial or quasi-judicial" capacity. Defendant Dolores McMurray, who had the contretemps with Van Valkenburgh, has belatedly filed a countersuit for $25,000, claiming that he "wantonly, forcibly, wilfully and maliciously pushed and violently shoved" her away from the ballot box. But the chief interest centers on election secretary Horan, who was reportedly the only lawyer present when Van Valkenburgh received his summary justice at the schoolhouse. If pretrial testimony shows, as suspected, that Horan was the inspiration behind the three women, Ahern is prepared to ask the court to add him as a defendant. It could prove embarrassing for this tried and true Byrd man to be haled before the Federal bench at the same time that he is being proposed for a seat on it.

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Biggest Slumlord on the Block

BARBARA CARTER

EVER SINCE he took office in 1954, it has been Mayor Wagner's promise – or dream – to make New York the "first city without slums." At an inappropriate moment last summer, however (the election campaign was just beginning), the dream was rudely interrupted by a riot involving some four hunded Negroes and Puerto Ricans on what is known as the worst slum block in town, West Eighty-fourth Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. The riot, which started with a fight over a woman, was mainly the result of a city clampdown on dope. When the smoke had finally cleared, the city was found, in its losing fight against spreading slums, face to face with its own worst enemy—itself.

The mayor's initial response was stern and swift. On July 10, just five days after the riot, he declared an "all-out war" on slum conditions on West Eighty-fourth Street and announced that Mrs. Hortense Gabel, his Housing Assistant and head of the city's Neighborhood Conservation Programs, would be his field commander and would set up headquarters on the block with a direct line to his office. The city would use everything it had in a brave new program to fight slums. In the hoopla that followed, it almost went unnoticed that the city, through its Real Estate Department, had doubled the number of buildings it owned on the street, thereby becoming by far the biggest slumlord on the block. Almost unnoticed, that is, except for the hundreds of tenants and their families involved.

RIGHT FROM THE START there was confusion about the type of program Mrs. Gabel would conduct. Because she heads the Neighborhood Conservation Programs, many, including the New York *Times*, assumed that the operation would be similar—restoring and improving buildings with the help of city-backed loans. Instead, her program turned out to be a "holding" operation. ("Rather comical," says Mrs. Robert Silver, a long-time volunteer worker from the area who had attended Mrs. Gabel's staff meetings, "when what you're holding is so heinous.") The block is a lost area where the aim is only to hold the buildings to minimum standards until the bulldozer comes. Apart from two schools the city has decided to build on the block, and for which it has now acquired a total of fifty-nine buildings, there are no long-term plans for improving the area.

Most of this was obscured by the whirlwind of activity that accompanied Mrs. Gabel's arrival. "This is no headline-seeking stunt," Mrs. Gabel assured a skeptical public. "We are here to stay." A staff of three was immediately appointed and Mrs. Gabel proudly announced that a dozen city departments had been ordered to give her "immediate and total co-operation." A joint team of eight Health and Buildings Department inspectors began to make their rounds through ninety-four per cent of the block's 1,088 dwelling units, as the slum rooms are rather fastidiously called.

"All of a sudden," Mrs. Silver recounts, "the street was an ant heap. Reporters, inspectors, nose counters —two weeks of fury that were hard on the children." The Sanitation Department sent its men twice a day to the block, making the surrounding area more dreary by comparison. The Welfare Department assigned five workers on a rotating basis to Mrs. Gabel's field office, but they were unable to do much more than the same work performed at their downtown office for the ten per cent of the families on the block who are on welfare.

The Reluctant Rent Collector

Meanwhile, the Real Estate Department quietly prepared to take over twenty-eight more buildings to clear space for the second school to be built on the block. (It had previously taken thirty-one buildings in February, 1960, to make way for the first school.) After the riot, it reactivated its office on the street in order to relocate the 688 new tenants it would get. In addition, it loaned a man to Mrs. Gabel's office to help her relocate some sixty families found to be dangerously overcrowded.

Other wonderful things were scheduled to happen. A census of the block would be compiled and analyzed, the "natural leaders" found, tenant meetings organized, and a teen-age canteen set up. There was talk of rents being reduced and jobs being found, and news that the block would forthwith be turned into a play street. Indeed, within a week of the mayor's announcement, the press carried pictures of Mr. Wagner joining the children in a merry game of volleyball.

In the most dramatic move of all, the landlords were summoned by telegram to City Hall to be briefed on the mayor's shock attack. "We'll be watching you like hawks," Mrs. Gabel warned them. "If you don't cooperate, you know what kind of books we can throw at you." The headlines mentioned jail, and an assistant Corporation Counsel was assigned to Mrs. Gabel full time to prepare the cases for court. He would have at his disposal a dossier on each landlord – his mortgages, his rent rolls, and his past violations, to add to the new Central Registry of such information that the city is now building up.

The biggest landlord on the block, however, the city itself, was not invited to the meeting as such, and it

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is doubtful if the new Central Registry contains a record of this particular landlord's past violations. If it did, it would make interesting reading. The city today is the unhappy owner of 3,615 condemned or confiscated buildings, most of them tenements, and has become the reluctant landlord to more than five thousand tenants and their frequently sizable families.

FOR THE PEOPLE on West Eighty-fourth who suddenly became tenants of the city, the record of their new landlord could hardly have been encouraging. Nine years ago, for instance, the city took over a string of tenements in Greenwich Village to make way for a street that still doesn't exist. Several years later, the previous owners were still being served summonses for violations on their former buildings. When the Buildings Department was finally brought abreast of the news that the city owned the buildings, the Real Estate Department was fully prepared with an answer. The buildings, unpainted and unheated for eight years by the city at that point, were still scheduled to be demolished, and the city could not afford the extravagant expense of painting or installing central heating for buildings awaiting the wrecking crew. Most of them are still waiting today.

In the summer of 1960, three of the six people who jumped from a fire-swept tenement owned by the city were critically injured. The building had been officially cited as a fire trap in February of that year, and the city had bought it in May. Two months later the Buildings Department, which had been trying unsuccessfully to get inspectors into the building since February, was notified of the city's purchase. It then took twenty-five days for the notification to go from the Buildings Department's office on the twentieth floor in the Municipal Building to its housing division on the eighteenth floor. When the Real Estate Department was finally called, it was discovered that the key to the building was missing, a problem that seemed to call for undue deliberation. As "negotiations" were undertaken to arrange access, the fire broke out. After that, there was plenty of access for the inspectors. The building was gutted above the basement.

The mayor vowed then that the city as landlord would thenceforth live up to the code it imposed on others. Nevertheless, in March, a year later, the Real Estate Department found itself in the extraordinary position of appearing in court to answer slum charges. Once again, the notification of charges against city-owned buildings had been sent to the wrong people, and a Real Estate Department employee took it upon himself to appear in court to answer the charges. It was all a mistake, of course. The city does not sue itself, though the magistrate set a trial date anyway, just for the record.

The Mayor's Wars

For a time during the summer, West Eighty-fourth Street basked in the city's attention like a strange fish being displayed on a crowded beach. The Fire Department sent its white-hatted deputy chief in his bright red car to make his own survey. Police patrolled the block, chatted with the residents, and by the end of the first week had proudly arrested twelve

narcotics addicts. The volleyball court on the play street was popular even with the adults, and in art classes held on the garbage-free curbs, children were taught to "be free, be creative." Finally, in the middle of August, Paris bloomed in what had been called a "ghetto of sociopaths." The street was included in the Police Athletic League's Summer Flight program, with colorful streamers, a chorus of can-can girls, and a medley of French tunes from a public-address system.

Today, all that is left of the play street is the markings on the asphalt. The original staff has moved on. Mrs. Gabel, who in the beginning was, of necessity, as often out of her headquarters as in, took a well-deserved vacation in August, and since then has been mainly occupied with her many other neighborhood projects. (One, for instance, came as a total surprise during the election campaign when the mayor unexpectedly declared a second war on a slum block on the lower East Side.)

The side shows evaporated as the summer wore on. Fifteen temporary jobs were found for people in the block, mostly with city departments as a courtesy to the mayor. All but one were gone before the November election. No space for the teen-age canteen has as yet been found. The rents on the slum block are too high for even the city to pay. A little playroom for pre-school-age children has been set up in an abandoned building, at least until the wreckers arrive. The much-vaunted tenants' meetings, after the census was compiled and the natural leaders found, came to naught. Only four people attended the first meeting held for "the most overcrowded building," despite the personal and written invitations, and the idea was mercifully dropped after that.

Even with the census, nobody really knows how many people live on the block. The total lies around twenty-five hundred. Most of them are Puerto Rican and Negro, the latter in the majority again with new arrivals up from North Carolina. Others are from Greece, Turkey, Cuba, and (may the Peace Corps note the possibility of an answering post card) Nigeria. Their homes are in five- and six-story buildings known as old-law tenements because they were built before 1902. More than half of these, however, had been profitably converted into single-room occupancy houses under the 1939 Pack Law. (The legislator's name was astonishingly apt.) Such conversions, now illegal, Mayor Wagner has called "the hard core of slum evil."

The joint inspections to bring these buildings up to minimum standards are now finished, and the inspectors are moving on in answer to complaints from other areas. Thirteen hundred violations were recorded, but only "a small residue" are said to remain.

Mrs. Gabel a year earlier had con-

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firmed that incredible conditions could exist in buildings declared free of major violations. She then condemned minimum code compliance as a "stopgap" measure, and likened the frantic efforts of six repairmen to "putting a finger in an overflowing dike." Last summer she spoke instead of an "esprit de corps" developing among the building inspectors, which must have surprised some of these least applauded of city employees.

Where Can They Go?

Six landlords were hauled into court and paid fines, but none of them had lowered rents by mid-November, when the first hearing on the subject, involving at most seven tenants, was held. In ten of the fifty-nine city-owned buildings, however, some rents were reduced by one-fifth, though the Real Estate Department couldn't say how many tenants were affected. No landlords went to jail.

"Most of them are not subjectively slumlords," Mrs. Gabel explains, "though the end result may be just as bad. Some are first-generation, and for many it is the first step up. A lot have no business being in this business. Some of them can be reached with a little help. Some of them are no damn good."

What of the major landlord on the block? "It's hopeless," said one family man. "When the city takes over, you might as well give up." A middle-aged Negro workman, who lived alone on the ground floor of one city-owned building, had no complaints however. He was looking for another apartment, of course, since the building was condemned. He saw no point in complaining about the entrance hall, which was flooded over with thick muddy water and only made passable by two planks set at a crazy angle to make a walk. There had been no heat for several weeks, but he wasn't about to make trouble over that. In one hall bathroom, the plaster humped and cracked over a filthy tub where an abandoned doll lay face down, and the sink was stuffed to the brim with sodden newspapers. The other bathroom on the floor had a gaping hole where the sink should have been. No matter, he didn't use the bathrooms. He washed by heating water on the stove in his room, and he had a chamber pot. This might have been just a prime example of "the damned wantlessness of the poor," but this passive man, standing in a pair of freshly laundered overalls, kept his own room immaculate. Later the water was shut off in his building, and even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was involved in the struggle to get the city to do something. Now all the people are gone, and this, only the worst of many very bad buildings on the block, is ready to come down.

At present, 116 tenants and their families remain in the city-owned buildings, to face the Real Estate Department's down-to-earth tactics in getting them to move. Last May, for instance, it was necessary for the State Supreme Court to postpone the city's eviction notice to the seventy-odd tenants who still remained in the buildings the city had bought in February, 1960, and to order the Real Estate Department to continue helping relocate them. They have all been dispersed by now.

"They will be lucky," Mrs. Gabel says, not of the remaining tenants but of the Real Estate Department, "if they can get them out within a year." Her own office is relocating the sixty most overcrowded families, and since the operation is similar, it is worth looking at for a moment. Of the sixty families, seventeen were said to be relocated by mid-October. This turned out to mean that seven had been found apartments by the city, four had simply disappeared, and the remaining six had moved themselves to places that had not been inspected yet or were known to be below standard. A bonus of three hundred to five hundred dollars is offered to encourage tenants to find their own apartment, but it is awarded only if the new apartment meets the city's standards. Moving expenses are also paid. Although the city informs the tenants that it will help them find new apartments if necessary and pay moving expenses, the words "eviction" and "violation" used in connection with relocation spur some perhaps as much as the bonus. The head of one of the six families who found their own apartments, for instance, had moved his family to a West Side hotel—a solution the city finds unacceptable because the family is still overcrowded—and from which he must move again. This family had three children, all living in one room in a notorious tenement owned by a rabbi with a long history of housing violations. When they moved, a family with four children slipped in, closing the door behind them and not answering to any knock. Two families merely moved to other buildings on the slum block. Another tried to take a second room down the hall in his building, thereby splitting up his family; this also was unacceptable to the city and he had to move again.

Relocation as a slum-clearance measure, then, is less than fifty per cent effective, though this represents an improvement over past years if such figures mean anything at all. But the city's reluctance to make repairs on buildings that hold tenants for as long as nine years, and its no-heat, no-water tactics to force relocation in crash programs leave much to be desired.

WHAT has the mayor's "all-out war" basically accomplished? "We've given them hope," a staff social worker says. "There's a kind of a funny change of climate on the block," Mrs. Gabel muses. But a Negro elevator operator who lives on the street comments, "You can see it in their eyes. The tenseness, it's all bunched up around their eyes. They know nobody is going to help them."

The "poor slobs" as they call themselves, left in Mrs. Gabel's pilot office to carry out their job, are doing the best they can against overwhelming odds.

Mrs. Gabel's remarks a year ago about "stopgap" measures are still entirely appropriate. One block, half of which will be torn down, will have little effect on New York's spreading slums. Now the city hopes to take over nine more buildings on the block to add space for the two schools to come, so that even more tenants will be left to face a landlord whose prime concern is to tear their buildings down. For the rest, they will have to depend on whatever incentive the landlords can muster, now that the inspectors are gone, to keep standards to a minimum until their buildings, too, are condemned.

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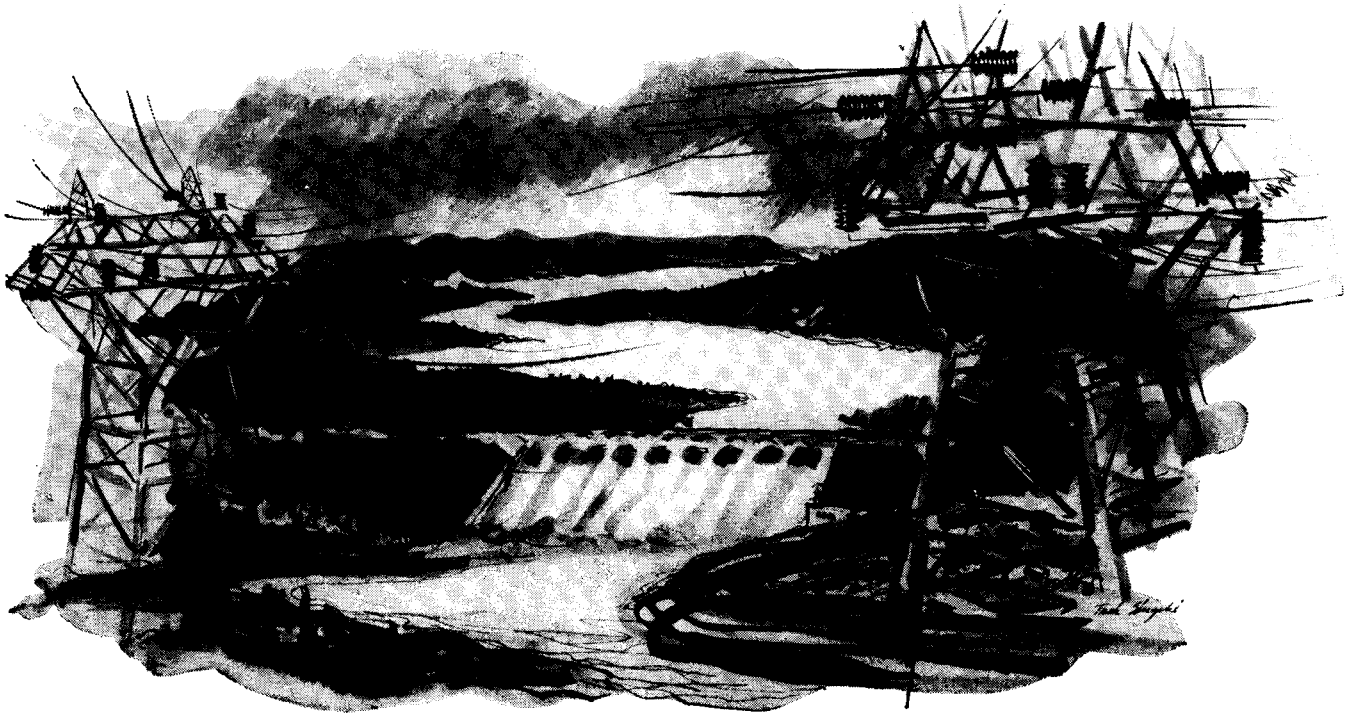

The Creeping Conservatism of TVA

JOHN ED PEARCE

ORDINARILY, news that the Tennessee Valley Authority is under attack is no news, for TVA is always under attack. Since 1935, it has been the favorite target of conservatives in general and the private power industry in particular, and no session of Congress is complete without a demand that TVA be sold to private enterprise.

But the latest attack is different. It comes not from traditional foes but long-time friends, people of the valley who for a quarter century have been the stubbornest defenders of TVA policies and practices. It is a curious attack, planned not to wreck but to reform, mounted by men who swear they love TVA more than the men who run it.

It is their contention that TVA has become so engrossed in the production and sale of power that it is little more than a big utility, conservative and cost-conscious, with neither time nor liking for the tasks of regional development for which it was created. Along the undeveloped tributaries of the Tennessee they have organized pressure groups to persuade TVA to build on the tributaries the type of locks and dams that have harnessed the main stream, brought low-cost barge transportation and industrial growth to cities along its banks, and created a chain of lakes that have transformed a run-down region of rock and scrub cedar into a national recreation center.

"We're not opposed to the power program," explains Joe Sir, president of the Elk River Development Association and one of the friendly critics. "We just want TVA to show the same energy and imagination in regional development. And it isn't doing it."

The men who run TVA resent these accusations. Having survived eight years of Eisenhower, "creeping socialism," Sherman Adams, and Dixon-Yates, they feel the new attack is the unkindest cut of all.

THE TROUBLE started during the Second World War, when TVA, called on to furnish power for government plants such as Oak Ridge, turned from multipurpose hydroelectric dams to steam plants, which, unlike dams, can be built to produce as much power as is needed, and whose output does not fluctuate with water supply. Following the war, the great increase in demand for power left TVA no choice but to continue building steam plants, since main-stream dams were already yielding their maximum potential. And as the need for power continued, its interest in small dams on the tributaries waned.

Thus, say the valley critics, preoccupation with power is depriving the undeveloped tributary regions of the blessings of water control—irrigation, flood control, cheap barge

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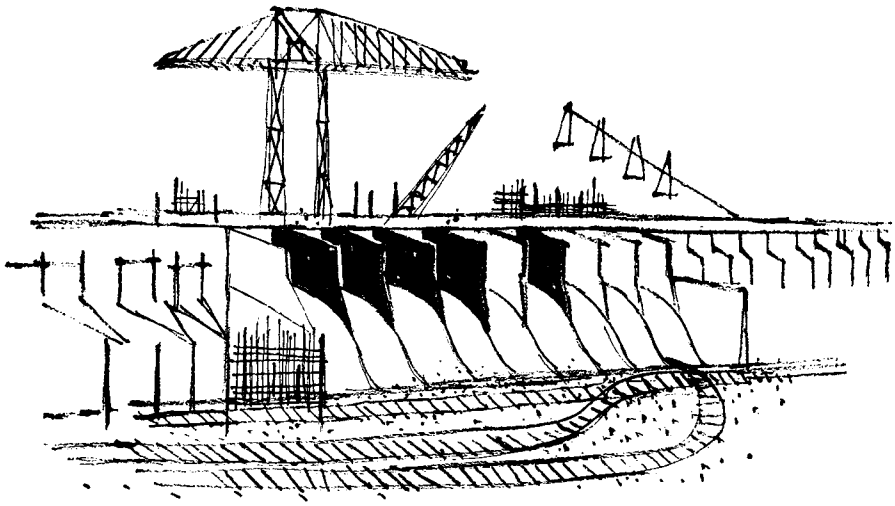

transportation that constitutes such an incentive to industry, and supplies of municipal, industrial, and recreational water. They also charge that with TVA out of the development business, other agencies are undertaking projects in an uncoordinated manner that violates the theory of regional authority.

For example, they point out that TVA's failure to check flooding on the Elk River has forced Shelbyville to spend a great part of its urban-renewal funds on a flood wall, and that the Soil Conservation Service has on file applications for thirty-three projects within TVA territory, projects that will be undertaken without regional co-ordination or consideration for present or future TVA programs.

Beginning in 1960, other critics rose to question TVA policies. The Army Corps of Engineers had approved two dams on the nearby Cumberland River in Kentucky, assuming that part of the cost could be justified by sale of the power to TVA. When TVA declined, saying it could produce the power more cheaply in steam plants, the engineers were forced to reconsider, and TVA's popularity fell in the affected areas.

The fact that steam plants burn coal has created other headaches. The cheapest coal comes from strip mines. As a result, TVA is under attack by small mineowners who have been forced out of business by low bids from strip operators, and who have accused TVA of conspiracy to wreck independent mines through long-term contracts with strip operations in which John L. Lewis has invested United Mine Workers welfare funds.

Regional conservationists have been equally critical. Harry Caudill, a Kentucky legislator fighting to curb strip-mine damage in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, scoffs at "TVA's pathetic excuse for reclamation" of land stripped by firms selling to it. "Unless something is done," he says, "TVA coal purchases in the next ten years could destroy as much land as TVA has reclaimed in the past twenty-five."

Other voices have joined the chorus. Kentucky's liberal Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, who fought to save TVA from Dixon-Yates and drafted the self-financing act of 1958, is harshly critical of TVA policies that "ignore the need for regional development." David E. Lilienthal, under whose chairmanship TVA grew to maturity, has accused it of "hardening of the imaginative arteries." Such pro-TVA papers as the Nashville *Tennessean* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* have attacked TVA's preoccupation with power and its neglect of regional development.

The most persistent criticism, though, comes from the tributary groups and the men who run them—P. R. Olgiati, mayor of Chattanooga, head of the Tennessee River Tributaries Association and possible candidate for governor; Joe Sir of the Elk River group; Humphreys County Judge Lunn McKeel, founder of T.R.T.A. and another gubernatorial possibility; and Nat Caldwell, an influential reporter for the *Tennessean*. Though friendly critics, their relations with TVA have become increasingly cool as they hammer away at their thesis that TVA emphasizes cheap power at the expense of valley development.

A Conservative Convert

The chief target of their attack and the man most responsibile for TVA policies is sixty-one-year-old General Herbert Vogel, former chief of the Army Corps of Engineers and since 1954 chairman of the TVA board of directors. The first acknowledged conservative to hold the post, Vogel originally regarded his agency with suspicion, opposed expansion of the TVA power region, supported Presiden Eisenhower's "partnership" policy, and endorsed the Dixon-Yates contract as "good for TVA." Valley fears were not eased when he was joined on the board by Arnold Jones, a Kansan who favored private power.

It did not take long, however, for Vogel's engineer's eye to appreciate the efficiency of the dams that control the Tennessee from the Great Smokies to the Ohio (three times in recent years TVA has actually "turned off" the Tennessee for as much as seventy-two hours, closing its gates to ease flooding on the Ohio and Mississippi). He found his steam plants among the most efficient in the world, and grew to respect and like the tough, precise men who run the power division, Gabriel O. Wessenauer and Roland Kampmeier. He found that his staff could squeeze the last penny from a coal contract or bargain knowledgeably with the biggest electrical firms. Indeed, it was TVA that exposed the conspiracy by big electrical manufacturers to rig machinery prices.

Today, Vogel travels the valley flaying the foes of TVA and accusing the private-power lobby of using the "big lie" technique. He equally resents attacks from valley critics who "see TVA as a Federal fount from which all blessings flow."

"Under the law," he explains, "we must produce power as cheaply as possible. This means that we must produce it in steam plants. It means we buy coal as cheaply as possible, like any other efficient operation.

"Admittedly, this has complicated the problem of building some dams that some people want. But it certainly does not mean that we have

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lost interest in regional development. We still consider that our primary obligation. We have brought in one of our top men, Richard Kilbourne, to direct our new program of tributary development."

Dams, he admits, are a special problem.

"We are required by law to show that a dam will produce more dollar benefits than it costs to build, and if a dam can show this favorable cost-benefit ratio, we will build it. But I can't go to Congress and ask money for dams that can't justify their cost. If I did, I wouldn't get the money, and I would prejudice our chances of getting money for sound projects."

Kilbourne echoes this argument. "Our primary obligation is to develop the main stream of the Tennessee," he says.

'Local Participation'

To meet the criticism, Vogel in 1960 proposed a partnership or "local participation" plan whereby TVA would supply the proportion of a dam's cost justified by its ratio, with local people putting up the rest. He succeeded only in infuriating the people along the tributaries.

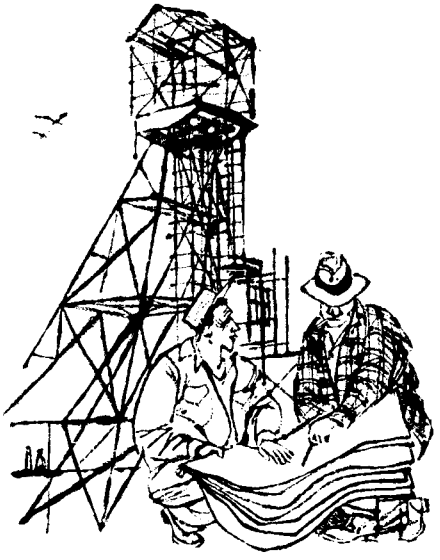
"There are only a few things wrong with this plan," says Nat Caldwell. "It's unnecessary, it's unfair, it's unworkable, and it's based on an interpretation of the law that allows TVA to avoid doing what it ought to do. First, Kilbourne is flatly wrong when he says that TVA's primary obligation is to the main stream. Four times in the TVA Act, TVA is directed to develop 'the main stream and its tributaries.' Sections 22 and 23 specify its obligation to 'undertake the maximum development of the river, its tributaries and its region for the economic and social well-being of the people of the basin.' "

Furthermore, says Senator Cooper, "There is not and never has been any law that requires TVA to produce a cost-benefit ratio for dams. The beauty of the original act is that it gives TVA latitude to do whatever is necessary to develop a run-down region."

"As for the local-participation plan," said Senator Cooper, "there is no reason why the directors should not come to Congress for the money to do these things. President Kennedy has made it plain enough he wants them done."

"It won't work," declared David Lilienthal. "It's a variation of the old Eisenhower partnership policy. Never has worked."

"How could these towns or counties along the tributaries participate to any meaningful degree in the cost of a multimillion-dollar dam?" ask Joe Sir. "If TVA waits for them to pay part of the cost, the dams will never be built. Anyhow, why should we pay part of the cost of these dams? There was no mention of participation when the main-stream dams were built, and the tributaries are as much an obligation of TVA as the main stream. Why should we pay part of the cost of these dams when over on the Cumberland and Tombigbee, the Army Engineers are building dams without asking the people to pay? The idea is a direct violation of the regional concept of TVA."



THESE ARGUMENTS have not been easy to answer. TVA Director Aubrey J. Wagner has since pointed out that the 1958 self-financing act, which enabled TVA to finance power construction through revenue bonds rather than having to ask Congress for direct appropriations, requires the agency to produce this power at the lowest possible cost. And this, he says, makes it legally necessary for TVA to build only steam plants for power.

Actually, this is a rather selective interpretation of the law. This provision was put into the act to prevent enemies of TVA from wrecking its low rates by forcing it to buy higher-priced power from outside firms, as was attempted in the Dixon-Yates contract. It was not intended to exclude water power; as a matter of fact, TVA today uses power from its nineteen hydroelectric dams, and as long as TVA power operations show a profit (last year it showed more than $50 million), the bondholders are not likely to complain.

"They could use all the power from all the dams on the tributaries," says Nat Caldwell, "and it wouldn't change power rates one-tenth of a mill. As it is, we're being asked to subsidize these rates by giving up tributary development, when we—that is, the people of the valley—are not the chief beneficiaries. You've got to remember that the government buys fifty per cent or more of the power, with a few big industries getting another fifteen per cent. The fact is that they just don't want to build the dams."

Whatever the controversy has accomplished, it has at least cooled the enthusiasm of the people of the Cumberland Valley who had formerly hoped to have their region included in TVA territory.

"Some people used to think that we belonged in TVA," says Mack Draper, president of the Upper Cumberland River Industrial Development Association. "After all, we're in the TVA power region, and we like the rates. But what we need here is dams and locks. We've got to have barges on the river. Things are not too good here right now, but if we could barge in feed, we could build our cattle and poultry business, start a plant to use our pulpwood. But if TVA isn't interested in dams, I can't see that it could be much help to us."

Others have gone so far as to say that if TVA isn't going to build dams on the tributaries, it should turn the territory over to the Army Engineers, who are building dams on such streams despite the fact that they are required to produce a cost-benefit justification.

TVA, being autonomous and able now to finance power expansion through revenue bonds, may be able

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to ignore these rumblings from the valley. But another voice has been raised that cannot safely be ignored.

Cool Words from Kennedy

President Kennedy has long been one of TVA's staunchest admirers. During the election campaign he had referred to it as "a stronger weapon for the cause of freedom than almost any other we have had in the last twenty years." Early in 1961 the President wrote to General Vogel, asking for ideas on how the TVA concept could be used to benefit the rest of the nation. About the same time, TVA announced that it was considering several sites for a new steam plant, including two in eastern Kentucky, one of the most severely depressed areas in the country. On March 8 the President wrote again, urging serious consideration of the Kentucky site and asking Vogel to "include in your deliberations factors which may assist development of territory adjoining the site. These are wholly consistent with the purposes of the TVA act, as set forth in Sections 22 and 23."

In a remarkably curt reply, considering the addressee, Vogel answered on March 17 thanking Mr. Kennedy for his interest but informing him that TVA had chosen a Tennessee site. The President was not to be put off so lightly. "I am anxious," he wrote on March 25, "to utilize every weapon to attack the labor surplus in East Kentucky. TVA is in the business of resource development, and I want to feel that you will be giving thought to the problems which go beyond the production and sale of power."

"The tragedy of this," points out Joe Sir, "is not that the Upper Cumberland did not get the plant, or that TVA played politics by stringing the people along. The tragedy is that TVA did not seize the opportunity to point out to the President that what eastern Kentucky needs is a little TVA. Especially since the President had just asked for ideas on how the concept could help the rest of the country."

The President's remarks, however, were too pointed to be overlooked. At a July 11 White House ceremony marking the centennial anniversary of George Norris, the TVA directors announced a "bold, new, 32-point program" for curing the woes of the region. But no mention was made of dams, and it did not take much study to see that the bold new program was little more than a relisting of projects already in the mill. The President responded coolly that he would like to see more attention given the tributaries.

On the Beech

Since then TVA has called attention to its Beech River project as evidence of its concern for the tributaries and of the soundness of its "local participation" plan. The evidence is not overwhelming.

In 1948 the people of the Beech River watershed asked TVA for help. The river flooded frequently. Farms and towns were being ruined, soil washed away. The creeks needed clearing, the river needed dredging and dams. Soil-erosion control was needed on the upper watershed.

TVA decided to try out its "total resource" plan. With the co-operation of local officials, clubs, businessmen, and farmers, it launched an educational program to improve farming methods, teach soil conservation, and encourage forestry improvement. It paid the salaries of additional county agents and home demonstration workers to assist the farmers, and planners to help the towns. The object, as explained by A. J. Wagner, was to improve the total area economy, so that a dam to protect it could be at least partially justified and the enriched community could afford to contribute to its construction.

The results have not been unimpressive. In thirteen years, two thousand jobs have been added in the watershed. Farms, homes, and towns have been improved, and the people of the region have been given new interest in their area and new knowledge for building it.

But one point should not be overlooked: all of this is no more than TVA has done in the past for many communities along the river, or is supposed to do. And none of the programs undertaken along the Beech River conflict with or substitute for the water-control projects that have yet to be undertaken. The Beech still floods. And if, after thirteen years, TVA has not managed with its partnership plan to build a single small dam on the Beech River, it is only reasonable to wonder what hope the method holds for other tributary regions.

More than anything else, though, the episode serves to show the change in TVA's attitude toward its region and toward its obligation to that region.

"If TVA had waited in the early days to prove each project economically justifiable," says Joe Sir, "there would never have been a TVA. Traffic didn't justify a nine-foot channel on the main stream. Power experts called the rate structure a farce, showed that the dams would silt up, proved that power lines to Tupelo and Dickson and up the hollers to lone farmhouses couldn't be justified, and that there would be no users for the locks, no demand for the power.

"So today we're building bigger locks. The river is crowded. We've doubled the sale of all that 'unsalable' power a dozen times and are still cutting those farcical rates. The point is that when TVA went out and met the crying needs of the people, at every turn it created circumstances that did justify the costs, many times over."

No More Crusades?

That point seems to have been lost on the men who now run TVA, and largely, one suspects, because they have lost the aggressive, idealistic fervor of the early days.

"I never thought," says Nat Caldwell, "that I'd hear TVA accused of ruining land instead of reclaiming it, of dodging development instead of looking for opportunities to develop. We don't want to fight TVA. We were defending it when Herb Vogel and Arnold Jones were making speeches about socialized power. But it hurts us to hear TVA referred to as 'creeping conservatism.'"

The label is not without justification, and there are many reasons for it. One is the caution and lethargy, the slow drying-up that hits every bureaucracy. TVA is no longer young, lusty, full of vision. The sense of mission has faded into an appreciation for good bookkeeping.

And TVA has become respectable. One must remember that TVA was not born of the South but imposed upon it, and the early leaders of TVA

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were regarded as intruders at best and as socialistic schemers at worst. Gradually they have become home folks, accepted members of civic and country clubs, patrons of private schools, associates of men of wealth and respectability. They savor this status. They sense, too, the mood of our times, in which it is easy to defend a smoothly operating, profitable power operation, but somehow embarrassing to propose helping people and developing the land.

Recently, in explaining why TVA cannot undertake "uneconomic" dam projects, General Vogel made a statement that reveals much about TVA and the men who run it. "Welfare building," he said, "has no place in a power system. We have built prestige by businesslike operation. If we went into the welfare business, we'd look not just like do-gooders but like nuts."

Here is more than the scorn of the practical man for the visionary. Here is tacit admission, despite the denials, that the men who run TVA consider it a "power system," that they believe TVA has become a bright symbol to the underdeveloped nations of the world not because it offers a new technique for developing a region, but because it is businesslike.

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, when critics have demanded that TVA be sold to private power firms, its defenders have been able to reply that while private utilities might make and sell power, they could not undertake the regional development and human service that are, and have always been, the prime and unique functions of TVA. But if TVA neglects these tasks, it destroys its own best reason for being.

It is not just a matter, as some valley critics seem to think, of replacing General Vogel, whose term expires in 1963, and who has announced that he will not seek reappointment. The general is a dedicated and capable man, and he is not alone in his attitude toward the agency.

What is needed is a change of attitude. The question is and will remain whether TVA can be respectable and still be vigorous. Right now there is no evidence that it can or that it will.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Guggenheim Roulette

FRED GRUNFELD

LEONARDO would have been rather annoyed if someone had accidentally spattered red paint on his blue grotto, but that is precisely the sort of thing that sends that new Casualist painters into transports of delight. Rubens might have muttered imprecations if he had slipped on the scaffolding and wiped out, with the toe of his boot, the nose and bosom of a freshly painted dryad who was still wet—yet this is just the kind of misadventure welcomed today as the benign intercession of fecund fate. The idea that art should proceed according to plan went out with *Forever Amber*, and with it has vanished the notion that a self-respecting brush does not smear, a proper pen does not blot, and a pencil does not jiggle if it knows what is expected of it.

The transition from intentional art toward total aesthetic inadvertency has been gradual enough for the critics to align their attitudes in time. Casualist progress was marked by several distinct barometric changes in the climate of public, or Philistine, opinion. The initial stage produced pictures which, everyone agreed, "any fool could have painted." A decade later came the "My child does better than that in kindergarten" phase. Finally the major breakthrough when, for the first time, pictures looked as though "A chimpanzee could have painted that in his sleep." Painters of this school invite accidents as fervently as ever their predecessors invoked the Muses. Nothing too disastrous, of course; they merely try to arrange it so that an elbow will be jogged or a charge of gunpowder will explode on their palette, with the hope of something that will grace the ramps of New York's Guggenheim Museum.

Casualist painting has, in fact, reached the blasting point. In Paris a few months ago the painter Niki de St. Phalle enjoyed the *succès* of the season when she demonstrated a new picture-making technique called "*feu à volonté*." Her method involves imbedding small plastic bags of paint and ink in a heavy, irregular layer of plaster. This basic picture, peaked and puckered, resembles a terrain model of the Val d'Isère in January. Mlle. de St. Phalle is an excellent shot. She hangs up the pictures at a convenient range and proceeds to fire away with a .22 rifle. As the bullets puncture the plaster and bags of paint, various colors run out over the white surface at random. The design makes itself, subject only to the restrictions of the law of gravity, which insists that the paint trickle downhill. If this seems too directional and purposeful to the owners, however, there is nothing to prevent them from hanging the pictures upside down or sideways (if I may be permitted to use those expressions for old time's sake). Art collectors with firearms permits of their own are encouraged to buy them in the target stage and play Guggenheim roulette. "That one," they can tell their friends, "the one that looks as though the wall is bleeding—I shot that one last month!"

Because no one knows what patterns will emerge in the final fusillade, this kind of painting is known as "aleatoric"—in other words, subject to the elements of chance. The

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term has been bandied about a good deal in music and poetry as well as painting. In every medium aleatoric artists have had a difficult struggle eliminating the fix and transforming the creative process into an arm's-length transaction. Nonchalance is one of the principal requirements of Guggenheim roulette; it must be played with the casual air of a British amateur sportsman convincing the crowd that he is not really out to win. When a chimpanzee who had been taught to paint recently gave the first one-ape show in New York (thereby upsetting the last known criterion in art), most Casualists rejected his work on the ground that he was trying too hard.

In Japan, members of a group who once threw themselves into their work like the Tachists now throw their models instead. They can thus move on a far higher plane of disengagement. The artist merely daubs a nude with paint and then stands by while she rolls around on the canvas. In Paris the burly American Norman Jenkins told the French press not long ago, "Things should happen in a picture while the artist isn't looking, or only out of the corner of his eye." He usually paints while still half asleep, with both eyes firmly closed and one arm dangling over the side of the bed "so that I can dribble things around in a sort of trance." But he rejects the idea of painting under hypnosis or under the influence of drugs or alcohol, as some of his colleagues are doing. "I don't want the tyranny of the subconscious to take over," he explains. "I want the picture to arrange itself. I'm just giving it a helping hand. Never mind any deep-hidden urges of mine; I'm trying to free the picture from the artist, even the subterranean artist." Jenkins, one of the supreme Casualists of Paris, lived for a time in Morocco, where he kept a small harem. He claims that the harem helped him arrive at the extraordinary bedside manner he calls *"laissez-faire"* painting, and that his first experiments were "communal projects."

ALEATORIC POETRY, like painting, has made headway among the younger generation of Americans in Europe. The Ginsburg group has produced what they call "cut-ups" in Paris and Tangiers, but the center for Casualist poetry is Venice, home of decadent literature even before Baron Corvo. There the American Maxwell Volker turns out unintentional poetry in several languages, some of which he cannot even understand. (Volker)—he always signs himself (Volker) because he considers himself parenthetical in this matter —cuts single words or long strips from newspapers or magazines which he pastes together to make aleatoric verse:

and a small twine in the young man
of the platform when she is four
the stool and at monopoly
Then she showing and touch his
shallow ownership could see.
Staff wager, they lived intimately
and was that mass that was my constable

Greeting, entirely where the dead
broadcast many times, Canadian I know
Africans relished else these things
a dog to go to. Refrain we unless you
and others may directly

—(VOLKER)

(Volker), who lives not on the Grand Canal but on the far less fashionable island of Giudecca, saves only one out of every hundred or so of his accidental poems. These he sets by hand in a small type shop, and then runs off one or two copies of each. Of course he makes no effort to correct any typographical errors that occur. Sometimes he then rearranges the original clippings to form a new pattern, or he may mix them with others to see "how the critical phrase in one poem virtually vanishes in the next." The finished poems are added page by page to an enormous loose-leaf collection, *Perish Forget*, from which he often removes and cuts up verses that no longer suit him. "The way I find or lose them is equally haphazard," (Volker) says. "Just the same way you have brown eyes and sallow skin. Arbitrary combinations of genes." He sees the poet functioning not as a creator—"When did he ever originate language? He was always a putter-together"—but as the selector of his poetry, "like the principle of evolution picking out the beasties it likes best."

If critics object that aleatoric poetry is pointless and says nothing, (Volker) usually replies, rather cryptically, "Moment was not coverage," a quotation from one of the accidental verses he values for their revelations:

do not regard diversity
Moment was not coverage
because nearly all to three
the couple of capitals,
the widow news service, one stakes
a Press in Berlin to her ice
Intern them about being pure

Later the road men sometimes cross
may sup once in a while huge
Divisions others didn't want to be

Because he uses newspapers, events usually play into (Volker's) hands, so that his scissors-and-paste method often produces more timely poems than the British poet laureate. Early in the last election campaign, for example, he came up with the following *pièce d'occasion:*

With a seat for their hooker and white
comes every president, famous, famous
American-type extra summer, to
New York

—(VOLKER)

IN MUSIC, meanwhile, the current emphasis is not so much on composing accidentally—by spattering notes like ink blots on manuscript paper, for example—as on achieving accident-ridden performances. Concerts have always been ephemeral experiences, but the Casualist composers aim at something still more transitory by creating conditions for once-in-a-lifetime, no-two-alike performances. Ideally speaking, aleatoric music is subject to a new concentration of circumstances every time it is played; unlike Rachmaninoff with his inevitable Prelude, a composer need never grow bored with hearing the same piece over and over.

The problem is, one cannot simply tell a musician to go ahead and improvise, as was once the fashion; pianists, for example, suffer from conditioned reflexes and their fingers are apt to play "Liebestraum" involuntarily. While this might qualify as an accident of sorts, it is not what Casualists are looking for, and would be dismissed as "insufficiently inadvertent." John Cage, the dean of American aleatoric composers, exploited the vagaries of radio broadcasting to get around this difficulty more than a decade ago. At a concert

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sponsored by Columbia University, a dozen radios were tuned in and out, turned up and down, and otherwise manipulated by a small ensemble of performers conducted by Cage himself. The ensuing Waring blend of sounds, voices, musical fragments, and static noises was unique in the full sense of the word, and Cage's "Sonic Landscape for Twelve Radios" remains the logical jumping-off point for aleatoric music. An earlier milestone is represented by Scarlatti's cat, fortuitously stalking out a fugue subject on the maestro's harpsichord.

Aleatoric music is now an international movement, reaching from Los Angeles to Warsaw, where Witold Lutoslawski and Wlodzimierz Kotonski produced important chance pieces at the recent Polish modern music festival. The bible of the movement is the ancient Chinese Book of Changes, *I Ching,* which serves to remind the composers that everything is in a state of flux. An aleatoric score leaves all sorts of things to the spur of the moment and the performer's whim: sometimes the rhythms are assigned to chance, so that a streamlined gallop of one concert sounds like a slow-boat lament the next time around; sometimes the music specifies rhythms but omits pitches; still other pieces offer a smörgasbord selection, letting the performers choose between plink-plink or plonk-plonk, or among crack-dzunk, ding-ling, or czick-whong, depending.

Such uncertainties tend to dishearten the music critics, who mean well but have not yet found a methodical way of evaluating accidents comparable, say, to an insurance adjuster's. When the BBC broadcast a twelve-minute "Mobile for Tape and Percussion," which was actually concocted by a group of pranksters kicking a few instruments around, the British critics naturally responded with serious, if not flattering, reviews. To any listener, this bogus opus must have sounded like an honestly aleatoric work; the difference between the fictitious Piotr Zak and the real McChance lies merely in the motivation of the piece. Should every composer file a notarized affidavit of intent, or should juries be asked to determine whether a piece of inadvertent art was sufficiently premeditated to qualify?

In any case when artists raise their fierce battle cry, "Look, Ma, no hands!," no critic who wants to stay with it can afford to shout "Piffle!" or "Humbug!" He must admit that Casualist, casuist, catch-as-catch-can art holds up a mirror to mankind. The poem that advertises itself as the plaything of fate, the painting with cigarette butts and aimlessness ground into it, testify that the artist has let go the reins and has lost either the will or the ability to influence events. And, for that matter, except for men photographed by Bachrach, who is really influential any more? Who can fix a parking ticket, let alone the income tax or the fallout rate?

An artist can hardly be blamed, then, for relinquishing the hard-won control bequeathed to him by the venerable Bede, Buxtehude, and Botticelli. And perhaps the aleatoric picture, with its blood clots and torn ganglia, turns out to be representational after all, and is not just "a gesture to hang on a wall." Vesalius could have produced no more convincing anatomic study of a nervous world.

These canvases always seem to be on the track of something: on the track of an errant nuclear particle paying a quick visit to a cloud chamber; on the track of a human being following an equally risk-ridden path; on the track of Everyman and of the Abominable Noman floundering together in the snows of inhospitable attitudes.

If art does play a prophetic, visionary role, then the present state of affairs could have a very ominous significance. Still, there is room for hope; not everything has been reduced to the anonymous interplay of cosmic forces. The artist's signature remains—the signature that provides the link with tradition. The individual, "this child of the sixteenth century that the nineteenth fed to monstrous size," is a long way from being "buried in the grave it has dug for itself," as Hugo von Hofmannsthal predicted. To be consistent with aleatoric methods, painters should choose signatures in the same equitable way that prizes are awarded to the millionth customer in a department store. Stabbing blindfolded at the telephone book might also be acceptable or, with more important works, at *Who's Who.* Nonetheless, those who arrange the accidents persist in signing them with their own names. When the pieces of a poem flutter to the ground, someone is there to put his (Signature) on it. When the wind has finished playing the aeolian harp, the composer registers his copyright. The artist refuses to paint himself out of the picture. When the roar of applause thunders through the hall, someone will be waiting to acknowledge it, even if it is—quite accidentally—a chimpanzee.

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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

Five aspects of morality were treated, on the stage and on TV, during the last few weeks, each significant and valuable in its own way.

One was in *Shadow of Heroes,* the documentary play about the Hungarian revolution written by Robert Ardrey and performed in London in 1958. It has been put on here in a small upper East Side theater by Warner Le Roy, who directed it, and is played by an excellent starless cast amidst varied shapes of packing boxes variously used to represent buildings, podiums, alleys, rooms, and prisons.

Several critics paid it respectful attention yet complained that Mr. Ardrey's spare, narrative technique (Muni Seroff as the "author" describes the events and bridges the gaps) inhibited emotional response except in the more intimate scenes between Julia Rajk (Salome Jens) and her small son, her hero husband László, or her comrade-betrayer Kadar. But I found the mere retelling of this great and ghastly tale a racking experience, wishing only that Mr. Ardrey could have sustained throughout the quality of dialogue —both tough and sensitive—that he used in Julia's confrontations with the Communist tyrants. It is not rhetoric one misses at moments but rather the elevation of speech that marks the poet.

What batters at the listener relentlessly is not only reminders of the incredible courage and agony of the fighting Hungarians but the irony of western impotence and inaction then and western action and impotence now in the Congo. In 1956 we stood apart while others died for what we claim to believe. Now we intervene in savage tribal wars where any compulsion to freedom and justice that may have existed on either side is beaten into the mud with rifle butts by both. It will be argued that the circumstances are so different as to make comparison invalid, yet this mind cannot reject it. In any event, Mr. Ardrey's play does what it should do: fill one with rage and shame.

* * *

Justice, if not freedom, is the preoccupation of Morris West in *Daughter of Silence,* a curious play that betrays contraction from the novel too plainly to make satisfactory theater. For one thing, though it is laid in postwar Italy, there is no

real feeling of Italy either in speech, scene, or character. A girl of nineteen shoots the mayor of a small town because ten years before she saw him rape and murder her mother in the violent partisan turmoil of the last war. Yet it need not have been in Italy, and neither the young lawyer who defends her (in a fine performance by Rip Torn) nor Emlyn Williams, eloquent as his legal master and father-in-law, really belongs in the Ascolini Villa. The stage seems full of interesting characters whose motives are unexplained and whose lives are unresolved: the missing chapters of Mr. West's book. That is why the real core of *Daughter of Silence* is the one long courtroom scene, in which he examines the wavering line where law and justice overlap and part; and here the play comes brilliantly alive.

* * *

Most people wouldn't call *Sunday in New York* a morality play, and it's just as well for the box office that they don't. Certainly, the schoolteacher who hurried her girlish charges out of the theater when it played in Washington thought it quite the opposite. Alarmed by the gaiety, humor, and frankness of the sex talk and perhaps a short scuffle on the couch, she didn't wait to learn that the young man and woman involved were as honorable and decent and civilized as she herself could have wished them to be. The moral, in short, of this original and delightful comedy of young attraction is that sex depends upon who practices it. It is crass or sordid or smutty only when affection, restraint, or solicitude is absent. And it can be very funny even when it goes wrong, especially when the girl is Pat Stanley and the boy is Robert Redford. Those schoolgirls should have stayed.

* * *

Before these three plays, Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* had established itself as the most distinguished contribution to theater for many seasons. Since I saw it in London in 1960 with the same cast, I will take the liberty of quoting from my own review in this magazine at that time: "*A Man for All Seasons*—the man being Sir Thomas More—is not only a passionate defense of conscience but of the majesty and clarity of language, and the writing is a joy to hear. . . . Paul Scofield, as the doomed chancellor of Henry VIII, manages to make this austere, incorruptible scholar a figure of great tenderness, whose martyrdom—as the author would have it—is less an act of history than a living choice."

* * *

Television struck a resounding blow for morality in "Biography of a Bookie Joint," on *CBS Reports,* in which producer Fred Friendly and reporters Walter Cronkite and Jay McMullen examined a small key shop on Massachusetts Avenue in

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Boston where, in a back room, about twenty-five thousand dollars a week was changing hands in illegal betting. With lenses trained from a window across the street and a hidden mike on "customer" McMullen, the strange and ceaseless activities of the joint became plainly visible. Thousands of people entered the "key shop" during the week, among them a daily assortment of uniformed police. It is almost certain that the shop would be doing business as usual if this accurate and wholly damning report had not burst Boston wide open, infuriating the police, forcing long-delayed legal action, causing the governor of Massachusetts to demand the resignation of the police commissioner, scattering the bookies. Most remarkable of all, the program aroused the thunderous ire of Cardinal Cushing. In the prelate's view, it seems, there are two moralities—or immoralities. One is gambling, of which he said in a speech at the annual Boston Police Ball: "In my theology, gambling itself is not a sin any more than to take a glass of beer or of hard liquor is a sin." As the New York *Times* wrote, "Cardinal Cushing said he had not seen the program nor was he interested in seeing it. But he asserted that 'whoever is behind it owes an apology to the City of Boston,'" which had been "betrayed." This betrayal was the immorality.

If Cardinal Cushing had seen the film—which was not shown in Boston because of pending proceedings rising largely out of CBS evidence but which, of course, he could easily have had access to—he would have been faced with a vivid exploration of the mighty river of crime which these small bookie tributaries all over the country joined and swelled toward the corruption of society itself. One illicit fifty-cent bet might be a "glass of beer." Ten million such bets were the breakdown of law, of respect for law, and of adherence to law. Yet here was a religious leader extolling the very police who condoned this anarchy and soothing the conscience of the very people who contributed to it.

Apparently it is left for mass communications, those reporters who serve it best, and playwrights to awaken the public conscience.

Folk Finds a Voice

NAT HENTOFF

ALTHOUGH the renaissance in folk music—both from the performing and the listening ends—continues to grow, the lines of division among the motley enthusiasts remain sternly drawn. On the one hand there is the mass audience which has settled for the hollow high spirits of Harry Belafonte, the Kingston Trio, the Brothers Four, and the Limeliters. Directly opposite in criteria is the minority of specialists which is contemptuous of all but authentic ethnic singers.

In between are the followers of the city-bred singers of folk songs, earnest apprentices who are trying to be musically honest while caught in an inevitable eclecticism. It is among these city-billies that most of the hope for re-energizing the tradition exists. But until recently the more musically sensitive in the audience for the urban folk have been troubled by the lack of substantial artistry among them.

Pete Seeger is widely honored in some circles, but more for his stand on public issues and his contagious enthusiasm than for his stature as an artist. Richard Dyer-Bennet is now generally considered too dry and detached. The Weavers appear weary, and although there are younger, more rambunctious groups —notably the New Lost City Ramblers—no one had appeared who could hold an audience by musical excellence alone until the emergence of Joan Baez.

Now twenty, this exceedingly slim, stubborn girl has been seized upon by her admirers as a kind of folk-music Joan of Arc. Her first album for Vanguard (*Joan Baez,* VRS-9078; stereo, VSD-2077) was released toward the end of 1960 and has already sold more copies than the work of any other female folk singer in record history. A recent second collection (*Joan Baez,* Vol. 2, VRS-9094; stereo, VSD-2097) is following the ascent of the first. Miss Baez's total record sales are behind only those of Belafonte, the Kingston Trio, and the Weavers. Sales of the first Baez album, moreover, still increase each succeeding month.

Miss Baez's first extended tour this past fall resulted in large, hushed audiences with several sellouts. The tickets for a Chicago appearance were bought up more than three weeks in advance. The journey's climax came at Town Hall in November, with fifty seated on stage, fifty standees, and more than two hundred turned away. "Actually," the promoter mourned, "I could have filled a whole second house with no trouble."

At first appearance, Miss Baez, who accompanies herself on the guitar, does not make a particularly strong impression. ("Joan Baez, the superb folk singer," a hasty Boston columnist wrote, "should be heard and not

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seen.") At Town Hall, she was dressed simply in a red sweater and a hand-woven white skirt with red trimming. A silver necklace was her only jewelry. Her long, oval face is solemn though wary in repose, and the only dramatic element in her appearance is her long black hair.

When she sings, however, Miss Baez, who is as spare with gestures as she is with smiles, draws the audience to her as if she were about to foretell the future. She communicates uncommon intensity through a penetratingly pure soprano voice over which she has complete control. Although she rarely sings at full volume, she "sounds loud," as one entranced undergraduate noted. She can soar through three octaves with an even range from top to bottom, and on her occasional Spanish numbers she becomes a richly expressive alto.

Her tone is full and firm, and by the supple use of a strong but disciplined vibrato, she makes vivid all the multicolored strands of joy, loss, and tenderness in her material, which is largely composed of Anglo-American ballads along with some Negro folk songs. She further illuminates her stories with a sure sense of dynamics, and even at her softest diminuendo her diction is utterly clear.

Miss Baez has wisely avoided the "fake ethnic" approach of some of her more strenuous contemporaries, and there is also no trace of sing-along commercialism in the way she shapes her music. Her style is impregnably her own. Although she does not profess to be an expert on the socio-economic context of each number she chooses, she clearly understands the emotional motivations of the songs and is faithful to their spirit, from the luminous urgency of "The Cherry Tree Carol" to the troubled Negro lullaby "All My Trials."

As one of her more analytical admirers points out, "Joan does not pretend to have been a Negro or a British maiden broken by a feudal lord. What she gives are her own feelings about these people. She's like a passionate biographer; and more than that, she makes these songs contemporary by identifying with their emotional content as herself—as Joan Baez, 1961. In that way, her audience immediately identifies with *her*. She's not imitating the Earth Mother. She's one of us who happens to be able to sing beautifully." Like a number of other contemporary folk-song singers, Miss Baez has definite views on such nonmusical subjects as racial integration and nuclear warfare. But unlike many singers, she does not preach. All her introductions are swift and her own views are usually expressed indirectly, as in her decision to open some of her concerts with Ed McCurdy's "Strangest Dream" ("I dreamed the world had all agreed

to put an end to war"). She does, however, pointedly dedicate a number to Pete Seeger in each performance as an expression of support in his current time of troubles with the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Nor does she ever add pamphleteering lyrics to traditional folk songs in order to further a cause, as do several other young singers. "When they do that," she observes, "the words simply aren't attractive. After all, the songs are so clear emotionally that they can speak for themselves."

She is, moreover, determined to keep herself on guard against the various temptations that have come from her sudden success. Since a brief stay at the Gate of Horn in Chicago a couple of years ago, Miss Baez has refused all night-club engagements because "Most of the people there don't really come to listen." With rare exceptions, she rejects all requests for interviews. "I don't want to become a product," she has explained to a friend. In her first year of fame, she has turned down nearly $100,000 worth of concert dates because she will work only when she wants to. The rest of the time she remains at her home in northern California, where she raises animals (including assorted lizards) and reads without plan. She is unmarried.

Her address is classified information, and even her occasional visits to the offices of Vanguard Records in New York are rather stealthy. "Who does she think she is, J. D. Salinger?" a reporter recently complained that he had failed to trap her into an interview during one of her flights through New York.

Having not been entirely happy with her only two national television appearances (Robert Herridge's *Folk Music U.S.A.* and *A Pattern of Words and Music* on CBS), Miss Baez will now perform in that medium only on her own terms. "My point is simply that if the surroundings are wrong, I get to feeling gripy and nasty and then I don't sing well, so what's the point?" This season *The Bell Telephone Hour* has offered a resplendent sum for her services, but she has told her agent she will consent only if she has a segment of the show entirely to herself—without such production "extras" as a chorus —and only if she has enough time to build a performance. Her requirements are being pondered.

Born of a Quaker family, she is Mexican, Irish, and Scotch in descent. Her father, a physicist, has taught in California, New England, and abroad. At present he is with UNESCO in Paris, helping to establish training centers in physics in a number of underdeveloped countries. In her early teens Miss Baez began to sing and play casually, but her serious introduction to folk music did not take place until three years ago when she was a desultory student at Boston University's Fine Arts School of Drama. At the time the only folk song she knew was "The House of the Rising Sun." After some coach-

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ing from a local folk-music enthusiast, Debby Green, Miss Baez became part of the Boston-Cambridge folk-singing community, which is probably the most stimulating workshop for apprentices in the country.

She gradually acquired a style and an audience, and made her first national impact at the 1959 Newport Folk Festival, at which she appeared as an unlisted guest of one of the performers (*Folk Festival at Newport,* Vol. 2, Vanguard VRS-9063; stereo, VSD-2054). After more seasoning in off-campus coffeehouses, Miss Baez left school last February and has been a part-time professional entertainer ever since.

Except for the brief training from Debby Green, Miss Baez has had no formal instruction in voice or guitar. Her musicianship is stunningly natural; and although Pete Seeger and Odetta were early influences, she quickly stripped her singing of obvious influences and is now clearly an unshakably individual performer

in her own right. "The public may demand this and that," she has said, "but if you don't want to give in, you don't have to. I just don't think in terms of being well known or not well known."

"If she keeps on feeling and acting that way," adds an active promoter of folk-music concerts, "she'll make more and more money, no matter how genuinely uninterested she is in such irrelevancies. Her kind of audience must believe that she is entirely truthful. If she begins to hedge a little, they'll know it, and her record sales and concert receipts will drop. With these kids, it's a different kind of show business. To be commercial, you have to be noncommercial."

BOOKS

Lion at Home

GEORGE STEINER

THE LETTERS OF BEETHOVEN, edited by Emily Anderson. 3 vols. *St. Martin's Press. $40.*

Paper is tenacious. It survives war, fire, and the natural death of the wastebasket. Despite the dispersions and physical ruin caused in Europe by revolution and world war, troves of private writing—letters, journals, memoirs—keep coming to light. In part, the reason is psychological: before the mid-nineteenth century, the written word, whether in print or manuscript, retained an aura of specific value and commitment. Few eighteenth-century correspondents would have sent a letter (actually an "epistle") without preserving a draft or copy. The receipt of a letter, particularly if it had traveled far, had a touch of wonder and occasion. The flood of written words had not yet swollen to a mechanical deluge.

That is why it has proved possible for connoisseurs of Walpole, Boswell, or Voltaire to construe so fantastically detailed and circumstantial an image of the daily lives and thoughts of their heroes. We know more about certain eighteenth-century personages than about eminent contemporaries.

Such knowledge is itself fascinating, not only in an antiquarian vein. It adds to the repertoire of sensibility as does the gradual control one can gain over the twist and flavor of a foreign language. To have in hand some sixteen hundred letters written in Vienna and points adjacent between 1787 and 1827, at the very time when the French Revolution and Napoleonic empire were recasting the modern world, is to be allowed unusual entry to that imagined remembrance we call history. The fact that these letters are written by Beethoven adds to their fascination. But it does not account for the whole of it, for what comes through with graphic detail is the daily life of a busy, harassed, ailing man in an age of crisis. The musical giant stays elsewhere.

This edition contains 450 letters not available in the previous standard collection; 230 are now published for the first time. Each is annotated, and the names and topical references with which the text bristles are explained with rare economy. Only those who have dealt with the ungrateful craft of textual criticism or who have confronted samples of Beethoven's idiosyncratic, hurried script will have a clear notion of the patience and skill these three volumes represent.

Their editor, Miss Emily Anderson, is that characteristically British phenomenon: an amateur whom obstinate passion has carried to complete authority. Trained in modern languages, she served from 1923 to 1951 in the Foreign Office and the War Office. Her edition of *The Letters of Mozart and His Family* appeared in 1938, the product of a hobby pursued outside official hours. The Beethoven letters have sent her scouring the map during the past fifteen years.

THE MAN who emerges is utterly human, in a vulnerable, strident, at times unattractive way. He needed servants but had difficulty keeping them. Looking for a new valet, he observes: "If he is a bit hunchbacked I shouldn't mind, for then I should know at once the weak spot at which to attack him." He treated the copyists who had to decipher and transcribe his music with a mixture of rowdy humor and bitter scorn: "Stupid, conceited ass of a fellow. . . . Correct the mistakes you have made through your ignorance, arrogance, conceit and stupidity. That is more fitting than to want to teach me. For to do so is exactly as if the *sow* should want to teach Minerva."

Guardianship over his nephew Karl involved Beethoven in severe financial strain and constant threats of litigation. The merits of the acrid quarrel between Beethoven and his sister-in-law remain in dispute. What

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is obvious is the extremity of Beethoven's love for the rather loutish and demanding young man; the stream of letters and notes he sent to Karl is filled with a desperate, cajoling passion.

His relations with women were intense but sporadic. Thirteen recently discovered letters to the Countess Josephine Deym show that Beethoven was deeply in love and hoped for marriage. But in 1810 the countess remarried into her own aristocratic circle, and even before then Beethoven felt and acknowledged a strong sense of social barrier.

He cultivated the ambiguous arts of feminine friendship, alternating between submissive ardor and avuncular drollery. But consciously or not, Beethoven sought to avoid final entanglement. Nothing exterior was to be allowed too near the demonic, creative core of his being. He was a man gregarious in casual habit, but jealously alone where it mattered.

TO THE MUSICOLOGIST these letters are invaluable. Week by week, often day by day, they trace the history of Beethoven's compositions. They are crowded with technical comments on performance, instrumentation, and musical training. From them the historian and sociologist of art can reconstruct a precise image of patronage and professional artistic life in the rococo and romantic periods. Many of the letters to patrons and publishers are a kind of sublime grocery list. Writing to his Scottish admirer George Thomson in 1804, Beethoven draws up a catalogue of goods and prices: thirty ducats for a symphony, twenty for a string quartet, eight for "variations with or without accompaniment." As Beethoven's fame increased, prices rose. By 1810, he demanded a fee of 1,450 gulden for a set of chamber works; it must be noted, however, that he included three piano sonatas as well as the quartet Opus 74 and for good measure threw in the Fifth Piano Concerto!

Beethoven was one of the first modern composers to achieve a measure of economic independence outside formal court or ecclesiastical patronage. He came near to success where Mozart had failed, and was proudly conscious of the fact. "However little there may be in me of the

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business man or merchant," he writes in 1824, "yet I really must thank Heaven which is so blessing me in my works that, though admittedly I am not rich, I have yet been enabled by means of my compositions to *live for my art.*" At times, however, the inflation provoked by the Napoleonic wars and the expense of Karl's schooling and support put Beethoven's finances under severe strain.

There is something grotesque in seeing Beethoven hawking the "Missa Solemnis" among various princelings and potentates at fifty ducats a subscription. He turned to Goethe for help: "I know that you will not fail to use your influence on this particular occasion on behalf of an artist who feels only too keenly to what an extent *mere gain* detaches him from *his art*. Yet *need* compels him to act. . . . A few words to me from you would fill me with happiness." But Goethe did not answer and the Grand Duke of Weimar did not subscribe.

THOUGH these letters give a detailed account of Beethoven's daily life, private exasperations, and professional career, they tell us little about the man as artist. The letters of Keats, written at white heat of intimacy, are the crucible of the poems; we can see the shape of the poem actually nascent in the rush of prose. The letters of Van Gogh are often verbal sketches of the paintings, allowing us to follow the process of creation from eye to hand.

There are few such insights in the letters of Beethoven. He did not feel at home with words: "Alas, am I not too proud when I believe that music is more at my command than words. . . ." He treated them with a heavy hand, and the attempts at lyricism or humor are nearly always clumsy. His speech was music and he could tell of its source and meaning only in musical terms. It is the interminable lists of minute corrections dispatched to copyists and editors, or the canons jotted in the margin of letters, that give us a glimpse into the workshop—not what Beethoven manages to say of himself as a composer. That he knew his own stature is evident: now and again, with a boorish shyness, he remarks that a particular work—the Seventh Symphony or Opus 131, for example—is supreme even by his own standard. But usually he takes the mystery of invention as wholly for granted as breathing. It is life to him.

That life was continually threatened by deafness. In nearly unbearable detail, the letters allow us to observe the progress of Beethoven's infirmity. The first reference to it occurs in 1801: ". . . for the last three years my hearing has become weaker and weaker. . . . my ears continue to hum and buzz day and night. . . . I find it impossible to say to people: I am deaf." By October, 1802, when he wrote the famous Heiligenstadt Testament, the fear of lifelong deafness had driven Beethoven to the verge of suicide:

"I must live like an outcast. If I appear in company I am overcome by a burning anxiety, a fear that I am running the risk of letting people notice my condition. . . . But how humiliated I have felt if somebody standing beside me heard the sound of a flute in the distance and *I heard nothing*, or if somebody heard *a shepherd sing* and again I heard nothing. . . . Oh when—oh when, Almighty God—shall I be able to hear and feel this echo again in the temple of Nature and in contact with humanity—Never?—No!—Oh, that would be too hard."

The fact that Beethoven couched his agony in the stilted, allegoric terms of contemporary pathos makes it no less appalling. We cannot say, of course, whether or not he would have achieved the final audacities of his late quartets and piano sonatas without the nightmare of deafness—without being driven back to a pure, inward hearing.

In the face of such affliction, and of the secondary nervous complications which attended it, the scope and quality of Beethoven's work are a miracle of will. What these letters show is that the miracle was achieved at the cost of being, in daily life, an irascible, hectoring, and often pathetic man. But nothing could drive Beethoven from his desk—neither Napoleon at the gates nor inner despair. Melody and thematic material crowded incessantly on his ears that heard little else. Often a sheer joy of energy seemed to pervade a world fallen derisively silent.

When he found himself unable to compose at all, the end was near. He writes to London in February, 1827: "I have been confined to bed with dropsy, an extremely trying disease; and how long it will take me to recover no one can yet tell. . . . at the moment I just cannot think of composing." A month later, Beethoven was dead. Among those who came most generously to his aid in those last days was the Philharmonic Society of London, which sent a gift of £100. Beethoven often wondered whether he should not have left Vienna, whose atmosphere he loathed, to seek his fortune in England, where his work, like that of Haydn, found staunch and loyal admirers. It is appropriate that English scholarship should have produced this superb edition.

E Pluribus

EDWARD POSNIAK

EUROPE'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES, **by J. Frederic Dewhurst, John O. Coppock, and P. Lamartine Yates.** ***Twentieth Century Fund. $12.***

This encyclopedic 1,200-page study, five years in the making, could hardly be more timely. Dewhurst, Coppock, Yates, and their twelve associates from seven European countries have laid out a panorama of Europe's needs and resources, strengths and weaknesses, perspectives and antecedents. Using techniques developed in that other standard reference work, *America's Needs and Resources*, published in 1947 and revised in 1955, the authors trace Europe's postwar recovery and then project its economic growth from 1955 to 1970.

By 1970, the study forecasts, Western Europe will have a gross national product of $342 billion—an increase of fifty-five per cent over 1955. This is predicated on an annual growth of about three per cent, as compared with an actual growth of 4.3 per cent a year in the 1950's. (Europe's growth was thus almost double that of the United States, which averaged about 2.4 per cent in the 1950's.) Sixteen years after the end of the most destructive war in

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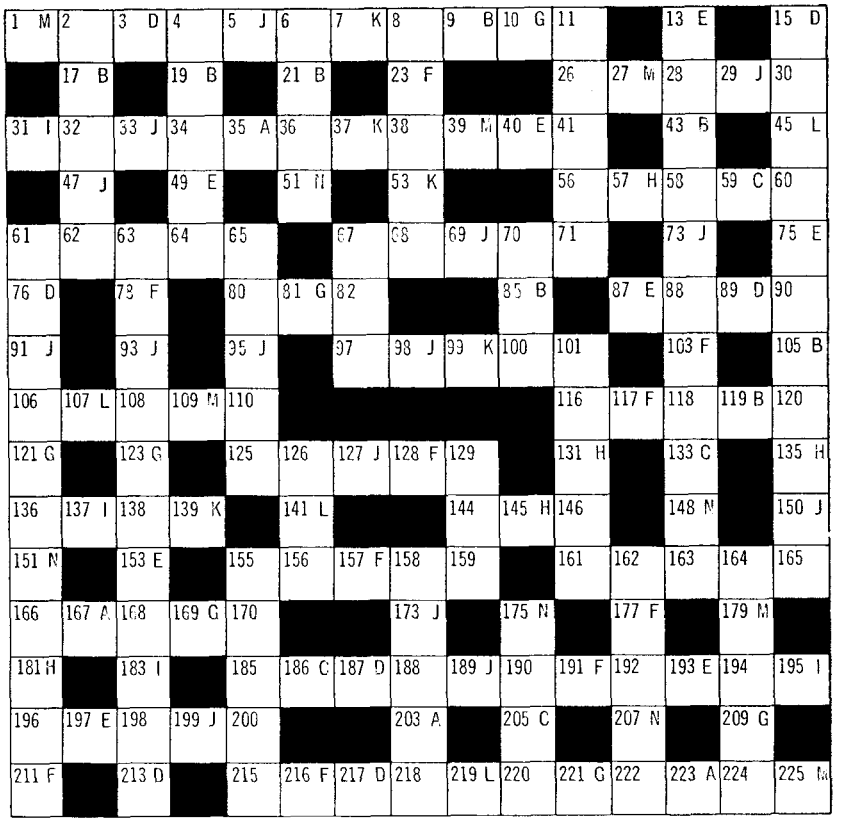
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 46

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A ___ ___ ___ ___
223 167 203 35
A systematic collection or digest of the existing laws of a country.

B ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
43 119 21 105 9 19 85 17
Inclined to teach or lecture others too much.

C ___ ___ ___ ___
205 133 59 186 City in Scotland.

D ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
76 217 3 187 89 15 213
Haughtily aloof. (Slang)

E ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
40 13 197 193 153 75 87 49
Said approvingly of a good investment. (4,4)

F ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
23 117 216 103 191 211 128 177 157 78
What is expected on a de luxe cruise. (6,4)

G ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
10 121 221 81 169 209 123
"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to_____his soul?" Isaiah.

H ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
57 135 131 181 145
"Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
..." Milton, "Comus."

I ___ ___ ___ ___
195 183 137 31 An Arab coasting vessel.

J ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
33 69 91 150 189 95 73 5 173 93 98 47
___ ___ ___
127 199 29
A principal concern of the Acrostician. (8,7)

K ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
139 53 7 99 37
"And still she slept an azure-lidden sleep,
In blanched ____, smooth, and lavender'd."
Keats, "The Eve of Saint Agnes."

L ___ ___ ___ ___
141 45 107 219
"The children born of thee are sword and fire,/Red ruin, and the breaking up of____."
Tennyson, "Guinevere."

M ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
225 27 179 39 1 109
To require or constrain as the law or necessity does.

N ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
207 51 175 151 148
Author of "The Isle of Dogs." (1597).

ACROSS

1. A line a small company sang about a fuel container. (8,3)
26. Saul's cousin is found in a drab, nervous condition.
31. A pale naval officer or the British naval standard? (5,6)
56. An Australian not ultra-Western but Eastern.
61. Smells of roads.
67. The least concerns of the Acrostician.
80. Does the Arab feel ill?
87. A German count down in a flying R.A.F. squadron.
97. Seven up or about when the odds are wrong.
106. Possessed Down East.
116. Measure which no man can add to his stature.
125. An ant in South America and a saint in South America.
136. Go to, old fellow! Find an implement here.
144. A gun is good for hunting this animal.
155. Epics have a flavor all their own.
161. Things are not so common when they are found in a railroad.
166. Make a big noise about a rose-red dye.
185. Printed "être" and translated it.
196. Permitted? No, spoken.
215. Retrospectively the exact spot of this. (2,4,5)

DOWN

2. A hat designer was confused and sore.
4. Put in doublet o'er the predator.
6. A conception may be confined in this too, too solid earth.
8. This girl may be upper crust, but she sounds lower case, in short.
11. Zola's heroine and Wendy's nurse.
13. Does Menon use this as an eraser when he makes a mistake? (5,6)
15. Kind of clock Samuel Hopkins Adams told stories about?
61. Take fifty from what you left, but add nothing. It's remote.(3,2,3,3)
63. Hope seen too for milady's foot. (4,3,4)
65. Found on the shore and on board.
67. A little French company on ice. Are its assets frozen?
70. Metal found bent at the beginning of 185 across.
101. Scrub ours, see!
126. Take many a lap about this mountain.
129. Ripen on stage when little 125 across leaves.
155. Dines in an unpleasant way.
158. A small company about a Marxist, I believe.
162. Near a show place.
164. The French, etc., are not reprobate.
175. Is this fish a blemish?

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modern history, Western Europe is consuming nearly sixty per cent more goods and services than before the war; gross national product has risen by some seventy per cent since 1938 and industrial production is more than twice as large.

THE STORY of Europe's phenomenal recovery from the devastation and dislocation of the Second World War is closely linked with a brilliant and unique initiative of American diplomacy. The Marshall Plan did more than boost Europe's trade and production through the infusion of American goods and dollars; it prepared the way for the European Economic Community, or Common Market, by inducing the Europeans to work together within the Organization for European Economic Cooperation. (Former Under Secretary of State Will Clayton now recalls that the American proposal for an OEEC caused the Russians to walk out of the first Marshall Plan meeting in 1947 and to force Poland and Czechoslovakia to withdraw their tentative acceptance of Marshall Plan aid. The Soviet leaders realized then, he concludes, that such a group might one day become an effective roadblock to their ambitions.)

It is fashionable in certain European and even American circles to lament the "Coca-Colonization" of European life. Along with higher incomes, more consumer goods, and greater leisure, there has also been a marked increase in advertising, high-pressure salesmanship, and buying on the installment plan. The maid shortage is bringing demands for labor-saving household appliances of all kinds, for "convenience foods" and all sorts of do-it-yourself gadgets.

But the authors of this new study emphasize that these changes cannot be adequately explained as a mere import from an alien continent. Instead, they "appear to be the ultimate and inevitable consequences of developments common to both continents: industrialization, urbanization, higher productivity, rising incomes, mass production and technological progress."

What economists term America's "demonstration effect" is being felt in Europe in other and more constructive ways. The study takes note of the emergence of a new attitude on the part of consumers and suppliers alike: "What was formerly a class society characterized by differences in income and manner of living has become a much more democratic community with a much narrower range of spendable income."

Although the countries of Western Europe—including their Socialist Parties—have rejected doctrinaire socialism, they have all fully accepted the welfare state. Governments have come to accept responsibility for promoting full employment and economic growth and for protecting the individual against economic hazard. "It is a paradox," the authors conclude, "that it is the countries of Western Europe, in which capitalism is experiencing a dynamic revival, rather than those of the 'socialist camp,' that have moved so rapidly toward the communist goal: from each according to his abilities, to each according to his need."

The essential inspiration for the Common Market, quite apart from American diplomatic prompting during the Marshall Plan days, came originally from our side of the Atlantic. If the economics of the Common Market have their roots in the gospel of mass production and mass distribution according to Henry Ford, its politics go back to the gospel of Federalism according to Hamilton, Madison, and Jay. We Americans seem strangely slow to recognize that *E pluribus unum* is a bolder and more universal concept than the divisive appeals to nationalism and class struggle emanating from Moscow and Peking. « »

Pathetic Fallacy

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

WATCHERS AT THE POND, by Franklin Russell. Drawings by Robert W. Arnold. *Knopf. $4.50.*

Where the walks of the formal park converge, a fountain plays. Sunlight brightens the slow, ever-descending spray. Carried by the lightest breeze, the spray drifts this way or the other, touching now the glistening marble statue of Spring and now that of Summer, fruit-bearing Ceres, and now that of pensive Autumn—but all the statues are pensive, even the young girl who is Spring—and now that of Winter, contemplating, no matter what may be the month, the elms, the oaks of the park that will be leafless in her season.

Thus man endows the four seasons with a formal mien; he fits, perforce, his own life to their cycle. Self-centered, he draws or attempts to draw some degree of serenity from the fact of their recurrence; he gazes upon winter, that image of death, and then proceeds through endless variations of poetry and song to reassure himself that spring cannot be far behind. Spring—and then it is but a step to his dream that life must be eternal.

THERE ARE NO STATUES round the pond, somewhere in Canada, that Franklin Russell has so meticulously observed. It would not be possible to erect any tranquil personification for the uncountable forms of life the pond nourishes, for the uncountable forms of death, for the unspeakable hazards of renewal. The four seasons are there, of course—and it is upon their cycle that this naturalist and poet has patterned his book—but there is too great a violence, life and death alternate too rapidly, too hastily, without waiting for the expected season, for man to see any tranquil reflection of his own existence. In and about the pond the struggle for life, in which man has always considered that he was taking part, is fought at so fervid and relentless a pace that nothing man must deal with—the plague, the seas, hunger, or war—can be measured against the scale of that struggle's prodigious intensity. Nor can any of man's images express its unexpected, contradictory episodes. In nature there are no seven ages of man.

Life indeed is reborn with spring. All through the winter myriads of creatures slept deep beneath the ice of the pond. With the coming of spring it was as if billions of stars exploded into billions of fragments: the pond erupted into life. But what is spring to the fairy shrimp? "Under thick ice in suffocating water, the dormant eggs of fairy shrimp had hatched into nauplii, tufted embryos

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each with a single eye. These moved to the undersurface of the ice. . . . the nauplii hatched into twenty-two-legged creatures, which swam off on their backs through the dark water with rhythmic sweeps of upward-thrusting legs. They would grow quickly, assuming tints of green, pink, and bronze. Unlike other life, they would not be stimulated by warmth, and the thaw would kill them. For the moment they thrived in near-freezing water and would soon drop dormant eggs, which would turn into nauplii in the fall. As the pond warmed slightly, the fairy shrimps would sink, dying, to the bottom."

Or how measure the brevity of what we call love to the May flies? "Countless May fly larvae were ready to leave the water where they had lived for a year or more. Now, each with six legs working, they headed for the surface by climbing up the stalks of lilies and cattails, bulrushes and hornworts, star grasses and smartweeds. They paused in the shade of pickerelweeds leaves, in plantain and arrowhead and bur reed and pitcher plants. They waited as the sun moved around them, then began shucking off their larval skins. They squeezed into the sunlight, showing the tracery of veins in their wings and long trailing caudal tail plumes. But instead of flying, they waited. Soon they began shedding another skin, this time a fine transparent sheath, and in this last transformation their delicacy was ultimately refined. They rose into the liquid air in the last blush of the setting sun. . . . their emergence, instead of being a triumphant beginning of life, was an anticlimactic end. They would mate and die without ever attempting to eat."

SUCH PASSAGES show the quality of Mr. Russell's writing, and something else: there is not a paragraph in *Watchers at the Pond* that can be read hastily—at least by anyone who for years has lived in cities. Every noun—the bumblebee, the hawk, the ant, the spider, the snail, the firefly, the raccoon—must first be reordered in the memory of a country childhood or a vacation, given its color and size, before one can proceed with this magnificent account of struggle and destiny.

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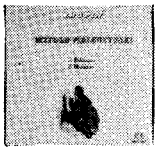

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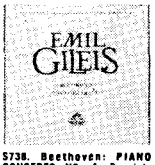

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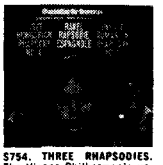

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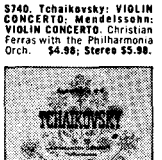

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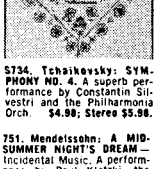

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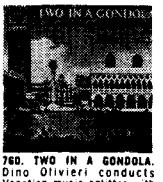

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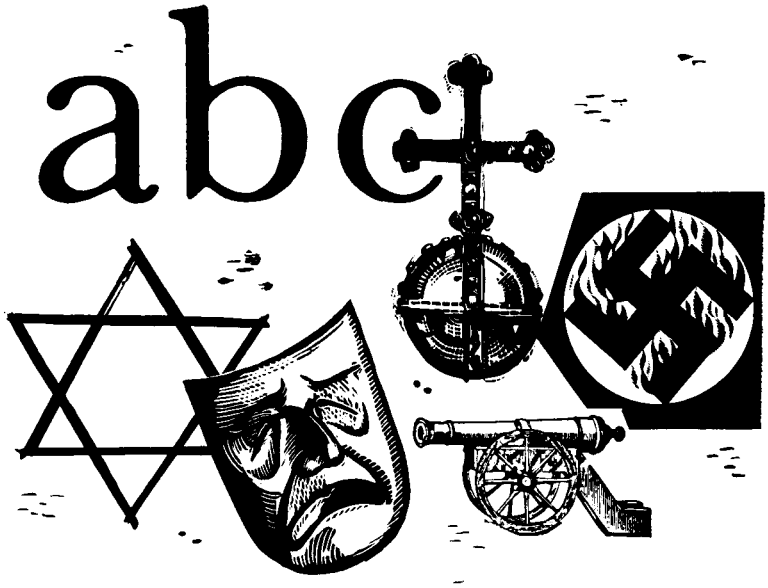

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